



No. 448.—VOL. XXXV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MARIE TEMFEST,
WHO REAPPEARS AS BECKY SHARP AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Making for Homburg—The Post-card Craze—A Journey up the Rhine in an Express Boat—and a Leisurely One.

WHEN I reached Cologne—the city of the great Cathedral, and of scent and smells—I found little temptation to hurry on to the towns which lie at the foot of the great Taunus Range, for the grief of a great loss was still heavy on the villages and watering-places near which the Empress Frederick built her Castle of Friedrichshof; the music had been silenced in all the band-stands, flags were half-mast high throughout the German Empire, all Germany grieved with the Kaiser in his loss, and at Homburg and Nauheim and Wiesbaden the shadow of the sorrow, the sense of personal deprivation, were heavier than elsewhere.

Feeling uncertain what to do or where to go, I sat in the balcony of the hotel and looked at the landscape, which is perhaps the best-known in Europe—the seven mountains grey in the distance, the meadows and the poplars, and the church with an extinguisher-shaped steeple in the middle-distance, and the Rhine, blue under a blue sky, in the foreground. As I watched, a steamer, with much stir of revolving paddles and black smoke coming from her chimneys, started up-stream, and the sight of her determined me to make my journey up the river by boat instead of by rail. I took my ticket for Mayence, and left next morning by an express boat which starts comfortably after breakfast-time, but I soon found that I was not to see all the beautiful old landmarks in at all a restful spirit.

The boat was crowded with tourists, chiefly Germans, but with a good proportion of our own countrymen and women and our cousins from across the Atlantic, and to buy post-cards and wave handkerchiefs was the business of the day. If a train on either bank passed, or we caught up and left behind a tug pulling behind it two or three long barges so laden that the water washed over the gunwales, handkerchiefs, towels, table-cloths, were waved, and when a passenger-steamer coming the other way rushed by us the waving was prodigious.

The only town at which the steamer called between Cologne and Coblenz was Bonn, and here a rush was made to the shore to post post-cards, in which a great sale was done by the stewards on board. I learned then for the first time that to collectors of illustrated post-cards a card becomes of greater value if it bears the post-mark of the place pictured. As the steamer put in to no piers after Bonn had been left behind, I thought that the post-card collectors would be disappointed until Coblenz was reached, but I had not counted on American push or German resourcefulness.

The alert stewards produced a new set of cards. There was one for Drachenfels, the ruined castle which commemorates the slaying by Siegfried of the Dragon, whose blood still, so the peasantry say, gives strength to the wine made from the grapes that grow on the mountain; and another for Rolandseck, where the great Paladin sighed away his life in hopeless love for Hildegunde, mewed up in the nunnery of the Island of Nonnenworth; and one for Remagen, where the Apollinariskirche, in which the head of the highly revered Bishop Apollinaris of Ravenna, a gift of Frederick Barbarossa, was enshrined, stands on the hill; and one for Andernach and its watch-tower; and one for Nieuwied and its palace; and all these the little English girls with rosy cheeks and the groups of American tourists and the German brides bought and addressed to themselves at Frankfort, or Homburg, or wherever they were next to make a stay, and a steward, for a small consideration, undertook that they should be sent back on one of the slower boats and posted at the places portrayed on the cards.

There was some amusement to be obtained from the vagaries of the post-card collectors, but there was none to be found in listening to the reading aloud of descriptions of the castles as we passed them. One hard-faced lady with a nasal twang and a voice like a rasp had constituted herself the reader to a party of Americans. She did not seem to care to look at the scenery herself, and kept her eyes on the guide-book open before her. When Godesberg, or Drachensburg, or any other castle, town, or mountain, was mentioned, she would turn to the place in the book, and slowly, distinctly, and without emphasis read the description through in a loud voice. There was no escaping from the steely strength of her lecture. The mid-day meal was the final horror. There was a rush for places, and such feats were done with knives by my German neighbours as baffle description.

At Coblenz I had my portmanteau taken off this all-too-rapid steamer, and, having passed a night in the town, and walked about the broad streets of the New Stadt and looked at the great statue of the Emperor William standing on its splendid site just at the junction of the rivers, I went on to Mayence by a dilatory boat which was in no hurry, stopped at all the little towns, and was a full day on the journey.

We saw in comfort, undisturbed by descriptive reading, Rheinfels and the Lorelei and all the other beautiful spots on the most majestic of rivers, and the great national monument on the Niederwald—the most splendidly situated statue in the world; and at Biebrich we took on board a body of school-children, with a clergyman and some of their parents, returning from a day's outing—the summer school-treat. The sun was dipping, and as we neared Mayence the children sang the evening hymn, and it seemed to me that I had never before heard it carry more rest and more solemnity.

THE CHAPERON.

At North Berwick—The Crown Prince in Scotland—A Charming Girl-Hostess—A Ducal House-Party—Dublin en Fête—Elder Sons and the War—Some New Engagements.

I FANCY North Berwick bids fair to become—during the summer months, *bien entendu*—as popular as the more famous South of England seaside places. The place, originally little more than a fishing village, was “discovered” in the long ago by Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and they go back there year after year, and those who like *very* bracing air and comparative peace from fashionable amusements follow their example. Mr. Arthur Balfour has long been devoted to the place, and he, I believe, first mentioned North Berwick and its golf-links to Mr. Choate. Be that as it may, the wittiest of Ambassadors and his wife are staying there just now, resting after the fatigues of the long London Season. People are wondering in what sort of costume Mr. Choate will appear at the Coronation.

Glasgow hopes ardently that the German Crown Prince will not leave Scotland without paying the Exhibition a visit. The town is simply crammed, for, in addition to the usual type of sightseers, all the smart folk wending their way Northwards make a point of staying for a night or two in order to see if there really is anything to be seen. Meanwhile, the Crown Prince has spent some pleasant days at Dalmeny, where Lord Rosebery has been at great pains to amuse his young visitor in a befitting fashion. Dalmeny is the only one of the great country-houses in Scotland where there is a girl-hostess. Lady Sybil Primrose has much of the true kindness of heart and charm of manner which made her mother so admirable a social leader and political hostess, and of late years she has entertained several Royal personages at her father's Scottish seat.

Very different from Dalmeny and its Liberal traditions must the Crown Prince find Langholm, a typical northern stronghold, and the most picturesque, though not the most imposing, of the Duke of Buccleuch's places. The Duke and Duchess have quite a family party, and here the Crown Prince, who seems to strike all his Scottish hosts as a singularly pleasant, unaffected young man, saw, really for the first time, British home-life at its best. The Duke and Duchess, more fortunate than many of their friends, have had the joy of welcoming home from “the Front” all their soldier sons and son-in-law; the latter, Lady Katherine Brand, and the precious baby who was born while its father was fighting for Queen and Country, are now at Langholm forming part of the Imperial house-party.

Apropos of “Oh, Africa, mysterious land, surrounded with a lot of sand!” many elder sons are again going to “the Front,” to the no little sorrow of chaperons, who fear that the 1899-1900 exodus of eligibles may be repeated, for quite a number of men seem to long to be in at the finish, as it were. Lord Brooke has gone off to take over the duties of Aide-de-Camp to Lord Milner. The Duke of Roxburghe is keener than ever, and may yet win the Victoria Cross to which so many believe him to be entitled. Lord Guernsey has not stayed in England to see his pretty cousin become Lady Alexandra Danby, for he started to join his Militia regiment at St. Helena last week.

Lord and Lady Cadogan are doing their social duty to Ireland quite nobly this year, and the first Dublin Horse Show of the century is evidently going to be very brilliant indeed. A great many people interested—as who is not nowadays?—in horseflesh make a point of braving the terrors of the Irish Channel at this time of year, for, in addition to the obvious attractions, nowhere, as I once heard a man chaperon enthusiastically remark, are more pretty women to be seen to the square yard. Among those Dubliners who are entertaining parties are the whole popular Guinness clan, headed by Lord and Lady Iveagh, at Farmleigh.

MORE NEW ENGAGEMENTS.

Engagements are decidedly the order of the day. Many people will be interested to hear of the forthcoming marriage of Miss Frances (“Tou-tou”) Cockerell to Captain Henry Noel. This really clever girl, who is a niece of Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, first invented the picturesque bead and gem necklaces for which there has been such a craze, and one of the first great ladies who became possessed of what were soon irreverently dubbed “Tou-tou Chains” showed hers to Queen Victoria, who ordered quite a number, notably an exquisite specimen, composed, I heard at the time, of black pearls and amethysts. One wonders whether Miss Cockerell means to give up her lucrative art after her marriage. Lady Ada Osborne, the Duke of Leeds' pretty unmarried sister, famed as a “Bridge” player of the most scientific type, is just engaged to that notable sportsman and keen rider to hounds, Mr. Hugh FitzWilliam. By the way, I hear that “Bridge” is being played to such good purpose at the various “Bads,” including Homburg, that the craze has a perceptible effect in lessening the attendance of British and American visitors at the Casinos, Kurhaus, and Outdoor-game Clubs provided for their amusements!

The great Roman Catholic world is interested in the forthcoming marriage of Miss Marie Dalberg-Acton and Colonel Herbert. The wedding is to be celebrated, of all places in the world, at Tegernsee. Lord Acton, who is at last recovering from his late awful illness, was one of the few really intimate men friends of the late Empress Frederick, and by her request he and Lady Acton were included in the Dalmeny house-party gathered together to meet her when she was on her last visit to Scotland.

THREE BECKY SHARPS.

Annie, Marie, and Minnie—With a few Remarks on each Charming Impersonator.

AS *Sketch* readers will remember, the "Nell Gwynne" play boom has been followed by an apparently burning desire for play-makers to turn out "Vanity Fair" plays wholesale, retail, and for exportation. Of the many new competing dramatisations of Thackeray's great story, the very latest was produced on Tuesday night by Mr. Curzon at the Prince of Wales's. Another, "made in America," has been touring there for the last few years.

The first of the new English versions was the one provided by Mr. Basillic for Miss Annie Hughes, which was tested a month or two back at the Grand, Croydon. At first blush, Miss Hughes, who when she was barely sixteen charmed all and sundry by "creating" (as stage-players say) Little Lord Fauntleroy, and later still more charmed everybody as Sweet Nancy, seemed too arch in her methods for the calculating Becky Sharp. She is, however, of course, too good an actress to fail. Moreover, it did not surprise me to find some parts of Becky's character softened down somewhat in this version. Miss Hughes, apart from very careful rehearsing of her version, had engaged a powerful cast. I had been hoping that Miss Hughes, who has on several occasions successfully wooed the Poetic Muse, would have dropped into her version of "Vanity Fair" a lyric or two from her own facile pen, but I find no evidence of this as yet. I do learn, however, from Miss Hughes that, in spite of all temptations to the contrary, she—having taken legal advice—is resolved to still call her play "Becky Sharp." The gifted novelist, Mr. James M. Barrie, once perpetrated a not too successful one-act version, and produced it under this name at Terry's. Mr. Barrie has given Miss Hughes permission to use the title of his play.

The version of "Vanity Fair" which is the topic of Town Talk this week has the advantage of being stage-managed at the Prince of Wales's Theatre by Mr. Dion Boucicault, and presents vivacious and sparkling Miss Marie Tempest as Becky Sharp. The title of "Vanity Fair," apart from having been used for one or two

is the principal male in Miss Tempest's version. This character is played for Miss Tempest by Mr. Leonard Boyne, and a very fine impersonation it is.

After Miss Tempest's bright and tender acting as Dorothy, San Toy, and Nell Gwynne, one was somewhat surprised that she should choose



MISS ANNIE HUGHES.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

so comparatively ungenial a character as Becky. This clever actress, however, does not spare herself when the more unpleasant side of the fascinating Becky's character needs realistic treatment.

Miss Tempest's "Becky Sharp" play, which is produced by Mr. Frank Curzon, is the work of Mr. Robert S. Hichens, the clever novelist, and Mr. Gordon-Lennox, who is professionally known by two of his other Christian names, "Cosmo Stuart" to wit. There is an especial fitness in this gentleman (the husband of Miss Marie Tempest) being concerned with a "Vanity Fair" play, for he, being a nephew of the present Duke of Richmond, is, therefore, a great-grandson of that Duchess of Richmond who gave the ball at Brussels on the eventful night before Waterloo. Mr. Charles Edward Stuart Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, to give him his complete list of names, could also boast the claims of long descent with regard to the "Nell Gwynne" comedy in which his charming wife made so pronounced a success, for he is, of course, a descendant of Louise de Querouailles, who played so important a part in the Court of the Merry Monarch.

Miss Tempest's "Becky Sharp" play is in five Acts and seven Scenes, and contains twenty remarkably fine acting parts. The chief of these, in addition to those named above, are Amelia (played by the sweet Miss Irene Rooke), George Osborne (Mr. Kenneth Douglas), Miss Crawley (Mrs. Canninge), Sir Pitt Crawley (Mr. J. S. Blythe), Mr. Pitt Crawley (Mr. Holman Clark), Mrs. Winkworth (Miss Florence Lloyd), Miss O'Dowd (Miss Gladys Ffolliott), and a Royal Duke (Mr. Stanley Pringle). The music is by Mr. Melville Ellis, and it is satisfactory to learn that Miss Tempest exercises her charming voice in a setting of Thackeray's song, "The Rose in the Balcony." Finally, feminine *Sketch* readers will delight to learn that two distinct periods of costumes are shown—the first two Acts being in what may be called the Marie Louise style, and the remaining Acts some ten years later.

As to the third Becky Sharp above indicated—she is the great American actress, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, wife of the proprietor and editor of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*, Harrison Grey Fiske to wit. Inasmuch as some account of Mrs. Fiske's varied and renowned career was given in *The Sketch* a few weeks ago, all that need now be done is to print yet another portrait of her as Becky, and to point out that her version of "Vanity Fair" was "copyrighted" in London three or four years ago.

There is yet another "Vanity Fair" play imminent. This was "copyrighted" a few weeks ago.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.



MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.
Photo by Sarony, New York.

adaptations of the story some years ago, was tacked on to a satirical comedy written by the late Mr. G. W. Godfrey for the Court in the early 'nineties.

Whereas Miss Hughes's recently tried version had the part of good old Dobbin emphasised among the male characters, the more complex and more difficult character of poor old Rawdon Crawley

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Soft Wood in the Streets—Like the "Saucy Sally"—Old Houses a Commercial Asset—Where Mrs. Gamp Lived—A Sensational Collapse—A Record in Centuries—The Hero of the Week—A Chance for the Three Thousand Aggregate.

LONDON has been in a worse state of siege lately than I can remember for some time. In addition to all else, the Strand at Charing Cross has been "up," and the 'buses have been turned off into side-streets. Surely it is only two years ago that the Strand was re-paved with wood blocks, and yet here we are at it again. The wood used must have been of a very soft kind to have worn out so quickly. I remember noticing when the wood was put down that it looked like deal. It is only false economy to lay down soft stuff, which wears into holes at once and has to be relaid in a couple of years' time.

Whitehall is awful! The pavement there has worn into great holes and ridges, and on the top of a 'bus—my favourite mode of progression about the streets—I feel more than half the time as if I were on the *Saucy Sally* in a stiff breeze. Long years of practice have given me my sea-legs, or perhaps I should say 'bus-legs, but these conveyances lurch so every now and then that it is all I can do very often to keep from getting pitched over the side. I cannot help wishing that the ædiles would follow the advice Sydney Smith gave about an earlier wood-pavement: "Lay your heads together, and the thing is done."

I am not at all sure that the L.C.C. is doing wisely in pulling down all the old houses with a history between Holborn and the Strand. They are destroying what is really a commercial asset, and one which attracts American visitors—who, by the way, spend money—in great numbers. Holywell Street has been closed for a fortnight, and is rapidly disappearing under the housebreaker's pick, the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields with Mr. Tulkington's house is to go, and now Kingsgate Street, Holborn, is about to disappear.

It was in Kingsgate Street that the immortal Mrs. Gamp lodged, over the bird-fancier's, next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop and directly opposite to the original cats'-meat warehouse, and there it was that Mr. Pecksniff, looking "as pale as a muffin," knocked at her window with a cabman's whip. "Phiz's" picture of the famous scene shows a squalid little street; but Dickens, who for "The Man in the Street" and for Americans is still a force, has given it a celebrity which it will take any new street, however fine, many years to acquire.

Alas! the cricket season is drawing to a close, and with it the summer disappears. But it has been keeping the excitement well up to the finish, for the Champion County broke down last week and escaped another defeat only by the narrowest of shaves. Sussex completely mastered the famous Yorkshire bowlers, Rhodes and Hirst, and neither of them had got a wicket when the Southerners declared with 560 runs for five wickets. But an even greater surprise was furnished when the Yorkshire wickets went down like ninepins before Relf and Vine, and the whole eleven was out for a total which almost any man in the team might score single-handed on his day. The result was a draw, but the game was a sensational instance of a fine team going stale.

The latter half of last week holds the record for centuries in three-days' first-class cricket. There were seven county matches, and in six of them an aggregate of no fewer than eighteen centuries was scored. In Yorkshire v. Kent the highest innings was Tunnicliffe's 71, but in Sussex v. Middlesex, Somerset v. Hampshire, and Surrey v. Gloucestershire four centuries were scored in each match. Curiously enough, Hampshire took the lead with three scores of 153, 147, and 113, and also made the highest aggregate for an innings—642 for nine wickets, which is their highest score this season.

Hampshire seem to like scoring off the Somerset bowling, for it was against that county that they made 672 for seven wickets in 1899. In all, twenty-nine centuries were scored last week, and C. B. Fry was the hero of the week, since he made 209 against Yorkshire and 149 against Middlesex. It is not surprising that he tops the averages with rather more than seventy-five and a-half, but Ranjitsinhji runs him close with an average of just three points less. Then there is a drop of nearly thirteen runs per wicket to R. L. Palairet, and Tyldesley heads the professionals with an average of over fifty-seven.

Aggregates of a thousand runs are as nothing nowadays, as something like fifty batsmen have put together over this amount. Five men have run up over two thousand, Abel heading the list with 2862, with Fry close behind him, scoring 2797. All these five men have an average of considerably over fifty, and the number of innings varies from Abel with fifty-seven to Ranjitsinhji with thirty-seven. Next dry season we shall probably have a class with men who have made over three thousand runs in the season, even if Abel and Fry do not achieve it during the course of the present week. There is a fine chance of one of them doing it, for Abel has only 138 and Fry only 203 runs to get, and each has a couple of matches to knock them up in. Now then, you two champions, more power to your elbows, and gratify "The Man in the Street" by bringing it off!

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN.

Grouse Plentiful—A Bolton Abbey Bag—Yorkshire to the Fore—London Prices.

THE grouse have redeemed their promise, and from all parts of the country we have received news of sport that has suffered only from occasional wet weather. Where the elements have been favourable, the bags have been good, and there seems to be little or no disease among the birds. As had been anticipated in these columns, many sportsmen decided to start the season by driving, and not to walk after the birds over dogs. This decision must be accounted responsible in part for the heaviness of the early bags, for though in walking a covey is not infrequently wiped out of existence, at the butts the birds arrive in far greater quantities than can be met by men who are walking over the heather and are fresh from towns where exercise has been limited to a morning canter in the Park.

The sensation of the Twelfth was not forthcoming from Scotland at all. It came from Bolton Abbey, the Duke of Devonshire's picturesque estate by the Wharfe Valley, not far from Leeds. There were nine guns, the Duke of Devonshire, Viscount Curzon, Lords Farquhar, Gosford, Howe, Charles Montagu, and Herbert Vane-Tempest, the Hon. H. Stonor, and Mr. Arthur Sassoon, and when, late in the evening, the end came, the bag amounted to 527½ brace. Needless to add, the birds were driven. The Bolton Abbey shootings are deservedly famous, but this bag must be a record for the moors shot, and speaks highly for the quality of the shooting as well as the quantity of the game.

Another Yorkshire estate supplied the second-best bag of the day, and, indeed, the bag is better than that of Bolton Abbey, if the number of guns be considered. At Dallowgill, Earl de Grey, assisted by Sir Christopher Furness, Captain Holford, Captain St. Quentin, and Mr. Menzies, had four hundred and eighty-three brace at the end of the Twelfth. This averages ninety-six brace to each gun, while the big bag from Bolton Abbey averages less than sixty brace per gun. However, it is likely that both parties were well content with the day's work.

If the driven birds yielded excellent sport, the birds that were walked for were not so generous. In many parts of the country sportsmen have found the coveys very wild, and it has been well-nigh impossible to reach them with dogs. It often happens, when birds are strong and wild, that sportsmen to whom the cost of driving is matter for careful consideration are forced to choose between no sport and an expense they had not contemplated. The question does not affect grouse-moors alone. It applies to partridge-shooting, which is becoming increasingly difficult over dogs. At the same time, it must be confessed that driving has done a great deal to improve the stock, and in counties where driving is universal there are better bags and better birds than are to be found in places where driving is not practised at any time in the season.

Perhaps the best plan, after all, is to shoot the outlying lands and the fringes of moors with dogs, thereby driving the birds to the centre of the land, whence they can be driven. This method brings to bag many birds that would otherwise escape, it puts sportsmen in good condition of sight and wind, and makes the ultimate driving more attractive. This practice of mixed walking-driving obtains, of course, in many pheasant-shootings, where for the first week or two in October the outlying fields are shot, and the more venturesome, strong-winged birds are bagged, while the rest get the few extra days in which to improve their condition.

Game prices at the beginning of the season must have yielded fine profits to dealers. In London, I am told, the birds were fetching sixteen shillings a brace on the Twelfth, and selling well at that apparently prohibitive price. The farce of pretending that the birds had not been shot before the appointed time was kept up in some places where grouse were on sale in large quantities at 10.30 a.m. In some towns of Yorkshire near the moors grouse could be bought at five shillings per brace on the evening of the 13th.

I recently asked an authority upon sporting questions why it was that the most-discussed estates in Scotland often yielded less than others in England. He said that, in his opinion, no estate that is constantly let to fresh tenants can maintain its superiority. "The owner who knows his land," he said, "never overworks it; he takes the advice of his head man if he is not often in residence, and the keepers and foresters are always consulted. When a man takes a big place for a single season and pays a high rent, he is not exactly concerned in securing the sport of the tenant for the following year. On the contrary, he wants all he can get for his outlay, and, unless his bag is limited by agreement, will frequently serve the land in such manner that two or three seasons will be required for complete recovery. English shootings of the best class are not so frequently let as those across the Border, and, being shot over by their owners, are treated with proper consideration."

Among the big sporting estates where the grouse-shooting has been excellent one may mention Glendye, the Forest of Birse, and Glenmuick, in Aberdeenshire; Inverary, in Argyllshire; Careston and Glenogil, in Forfarshire; Balmacaan, Clune Lodge, and Forest of Gaick, in Invernessshire. All the big Yorkshire moors have yielded heavy bags, the shootings of Earl de Grey, Duke of Devonshire, and Sir Edward Green being among the best. Cumberland, Westmorland, and Staffordshire have made excellent returns from the best-preserved districts. Altogether the season promises well; game should be cheap and plentiful. B.

SCENES FROM THE NEW MILITARY DRAMA AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



Captain Meredith (Mr. Waring). Colonel Pangdon (Mr. H. B. Irving).

"A MAN OF HIS WORD": WOUNDED IN FLIGHT.



"A MAN OF HIS WORD": COLONEL PANGDON'S CONFESSION OF COWARDICE TO CAPTAIN MEREDITH.

(See "Musical and Theatrical Gossip.")

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MR. LEWIS WALLER'S REAPPEARANCE.

AN enthusiastic audience greeted Mr. Lewis Waller's West-End reappearance at the Duke of York's last Saturday night. The play chosen for his welcome *reentrée* was "A Royal Rival," as adapted by Mr. Gerald Du Maurier from the long-popular romantic drama, "Don César de Bazan." As the needy but noble-hearted Don César, Mr. Waller more than ever proved himself a worthy successor of the best impersonators of this character in the past, namely, Fechter and Charles Dillon, who were the best before Waller, for Charles Mathews, another distinguished representative of the part, was naturally better in the light comedy than in the romantic portions. Mr. Waller was in splendid voice, with spirits to match, and he brought down the house in all the chief scenes. Miss Lily Hanbury was again a beautiful and an effective Marita (hitherto known as Maritana), Mr. Frank Dyall cleverly succeeded Mr. Mollison (called elsewhere) as the King, and Mr. Norman McKinnell was once more a powerful Don José, Miss Haidée Wright repeated her picturesque impersonation of the boy Pedro (called Lazarillo of yore), and Mr. A. E. George was admirable as the funny Marquis.

"A Royal Rival," which was received with unbounded enthusiasm, was preceded by a new one-Act drama adapted by Mr. Norman McKinnell from an episode in "Les Misérables," and entitled

"THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS,"

this episode showing, of course, how the escaped galley-slave, Jean Valjean, essays to steal the silver candlesticks belonging to the good Bishop who has so generously befriended him. The scene—often seen in longer adaptations on the English stage—makes an effective little drama. It was beautifully played by the adapter as Valjean and Mr. A. E. George as the dear old Bishop. The new little drama had a warm welcome.

The kind-heartedness of the theatrical world in the cause of Charity is exemplified anew in the deplorable case of the suicide through want of Mr. Robert Victor Shone, formerly Acting-Manager at the St. James's, on August 20th. The poor fellow, who had been out of work for some time, and was very much depressed in consequence, was found shot dead in his office, 26, Shaftesbury Avenue. In his writing-desk were found two letters. The melancholy nature of their contents may be judged by one quotation: "I am heart-broken at leaving my dear children, but everything seems so blank. My nerves are absolutely shattered through worry. The last three years have been terrible for me. Oh, what a cruel world!—R. V. SHONE." At the instigation of Mr. Fitzroy Gardner and Mr. B. Shelton, whose prompt action deserves to be remembered, a benefit performance for Mr. Shone's two orphan children will shortly be given, and Mr. Frank Curzon has generously granted the Prince of Wales's Theatre for the benevolent purpose.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King's Brief Holiday.

No one will grudge our beloved Sovereign his well-earned rest, though even at Homburg His Majesty spends hours each morning in hard work, exactly as his revered mother did during her sojourn on the Riviera. The Sovereign can never wholly escape from the cares of his high office, and every little item of real importance to this country is immediately communicated to the King, special telegraphic arrangements having been made. Apropos of the King's sojourn at Homburg, an illustrated article is given in this week's *Sketch*.

Queen Alexandra in Denmark.

Queen Alexandra is now enjoying a short holiday in her beloved native land and surrounded by her own kinsfolk. Her Majesty's visits to Denmark have more than once been productive of great good to her adopted country, notably in the case of lupus treatment, for the splendid work of this kind now being done in the London Hospital is entirely owing to a visit paid by the Queen, as Princess of Wales, to a Danish and to a Swedish hospital where the lamplight treatment was being followed with great success. Queen Alexandra while in Denmark leads the simplest of lives, her only Lady-in-Waiting being her devoted friend and servant, Miss Charlotte Knollys, who is much liked and respected by all King Christian's descendants—indeed, one of Miss Knollys' nearest relations, a lady, stands in much the same position as she does herself to the Queen's youngest sister, the Duchess of Cumberland.

It is easy to even the least imaginative among us to picture with what mingled feelings of pride, joy, and grief their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York must have seen Table Mountain rise before their eyes. Under its broad shadow thousands of England's bravest and best-beloved sons have started for "the Front," many, alas, never to return! War and war's alarms must be very present to the Royal visitors.

The Crown Prince of Germany is the most interesting among future rulers of Europe, for his personality is remarkably little known even in his native Fatherland. Though not kept at all in the background, for his father is both fond and proud of him, it is known only to very few what sort of Emperor he would make. Descended on the one hand from Queen Victoria, on the other from the famous Queen Louise of Prussia, he should prove the most sagacious of Sovereigns when it becomes his turn to reign. The Crown Prince has often been to England, and he speaks our language perfectly, but he is a thorough German in appearance, and is said to share many of his remarkable father's peculiar views and theories concerning the future of Germany. On leaving London, His Imperial Highness honoured the Earl of Rosebery with a visit at Dalmeny prior to being the guest of other Scottish noblemen.

A Future Empress?

Princess Margaret of Connaught is said to have a chance of becoming, according to her own sweet will, German Empress or Empress of Russia. The German Crown Prince, who is now staying in Scotland as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, is believed to have a penchant for his pretty cousin, who is also, through her mother, of Hohenzollern blood. The Grand Duke Michael of Russia, though Cesarewitch, may yet see himself relegated to a comparatively unimportant position, for the birth of a son to the present Emperor would destroy his chance of the throne. The Grand Duke met the Princesses of Connaught at Balmoral last year.

The late Empress's Will.

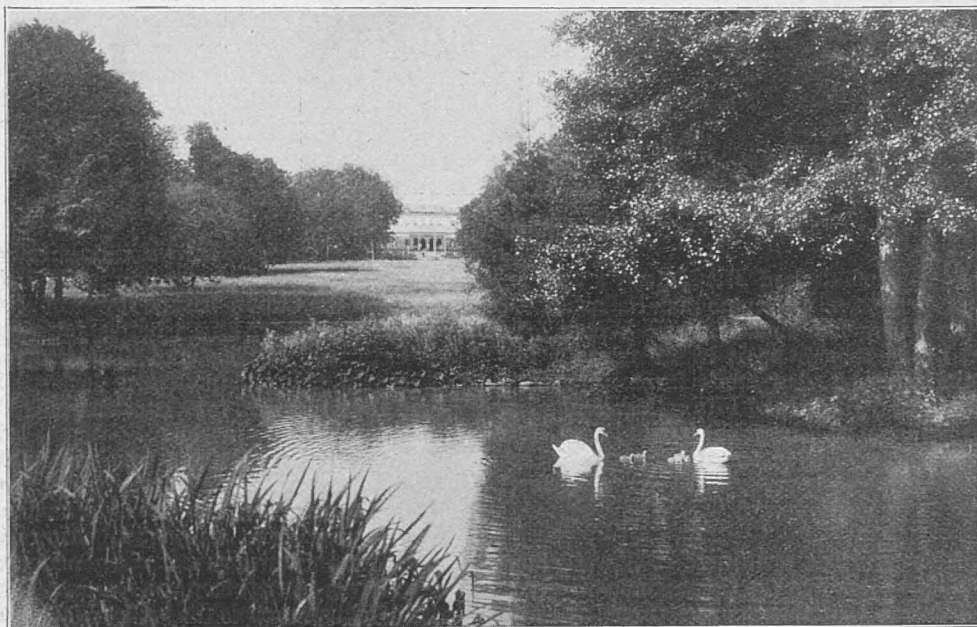
The Empress Frederick's will is interesting to several charitable institutions in this country, for Her late Majesty took an enlightened interest in many a useful philanthropic work dealing with English women and children. Also the one-time Princess Royal continued to the last day of her life to concern herself with British art-centres, especially with the Kensington Museum, so much the creation of her adored father. Accordingly, she has left to her own country some valuable and curious works of art, a certain number executed by herself. As to the disposal

of the Empress's considerable private fortune, it may be doubted whether all the clauses of her will—drawn up, by the way, in this country—will ever be made public. Her youngest daughter, the poorest of her descendants, has, very rightly, largely benefited.

"The Duke."

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge is astonishing Homburg habitués by his activity and alertness. His grasp, too, of Army affairs is surprising. He follows affairs in South Africa with the utmost keenness, and has a very high opinion of Lord Kitchener's capacity. It is said to be owing to His Royal Highness's sound judgment that our most successful cavalry commander, General French, was saved to the Army to do the sterling work he has since done. When Colonel Barrow died, General French was second Lieutenant-Colonel of the famous 19th Hussars, and, in the ordinary course of events, he would have succeeded to the command. Though a very promising officer, however, he was so young that the Duke felt it was not to his advantage to be pushed on too fast, to be shelved to the half-pay list while still in his prime, and he was superseded. But for this, General French might now have been vegetating in compulsory retirement instead of reaping those honours which have placed him as high in the nation's estimation as any officer who has been engaged in the now happily terminating conflict in South Africa. The Duke is said to have every fact at his command as if he had only just relinquished the office of Commander-in-Chief. "Bobs" is now the soldiers' idol, but in this he only succeeds "the Duke."

The King of the Belgians arrived at Deauville for the races, and dined at the Hôtel de Paris nearly every evening. Here also the Rothschilds have big dinner-parties every evening and entertain their numerous friends. Tod Sloan and Fournier, the winner of the Paris-Berlin race, sit at one of the tables, accompanied by two very smartly attired ladies, while M. Charron, who has, it appears, severed connection with the American jockey and the French "chauffeur," dines at another table hard by. Here also one may see Comte Haliez Claparède, an old friend



LAKE IN FRONT OF THE HOMBURG "CURE" HOUSE.

Photo by Voigt, Homburg-vor-der-Höhe.

of the Rothschilds; Baron Gustave, of that family; Comte Lampieri, a racing-man much appreciated by his friends and acquaintances; the Duc d'Oporto, brother of the King of Portugal; the Marquis Costa de Beauregard and his friend Vicomte d'Harcourt, here awaiting the return of the Duc Décazes's yacht that conveyed the Prince de Polignac's remains to Paignton, Devonshire, for interment. Besides these may be noticed here and there the Duc de Noailles, the Duc de Luynes, the Duc de Morny, Comte de Chazelles, who so ably manages the Tattersall Français, where yearlings of the value of over twenty thousand pounds have been sold this season.

Where Ellen Terry has been "resting."

Aix-les-Bains, where Miss Ellen Terry, in company with numerous other distinguished folk, has been "resting," is one of the prettiest and most popular of French Spas. At one time, Queen Victoria was very fond of the place, and it seemed as if Aix was to be honoured by the erection of a British Royal residence, but Her late Majesty took a sudden distaste to the bright little town, and now the only regular Royal visitor is King George of Greece, who comes back year after year—always kindly in manner, informally courteous to all, and, it need hardly be said, very popular in his good town of Aix. Last week took place the Battle of Flowers, a very cheery function, in glorious weather, and attended by many of the British visitors, who include, by the way, Lord and Lady Kelvin, the famous scientist having a great belief in the waters.

A Noble Cricketer.

Lord Dalmeny, who has been winning golden opinions in Buckinghamshire by his prowess as a cricketer, has not, so far, shown any wish to follow his father into political life. Few young men have a pleasanter future open before them than has Lord Rosebery's eldest son and heir. He is one of King Edward's favourite godsons, and is certain to be a great deal about the new Court. He is connected, through his mother, with the whole powerful Rothschild clan, and is very popular among a large circle of Old Etonians.

King Edward's Prospective Visit to Balmoral.

The visit of King Edward to Balmoral during the latter part of September is causing much jubilation among the numerous Royal dependents and the tenantry on Deeside. Preparations are already being made at the Castle, and a genuine Highland welcome awaits His Majesty in the Scottish home which was consecrated by the affection so long entertained for the place and people by his venerated and beloved mother. Though nothing has yet been definitively settled regarding the length of the King's stay, or of his movements while in the Northern

and Sir Frank Lascelles' present representative in Berlin has two children of quite tender age.

Dublin Druids.

Dublin, one of the most hospitable cities in the world, last week offered a particularly interesting and novel spectacle to visitors passing through to Killarney. To foster "mutual sympathy between the various branches of the Celtic race," about a hundred Celtic delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom and Brittany assembled together, with Professors of Celtic from Berlin, from Poland, and the United States. Lord Castletown was President of the Congress. As will be seen from Lafayette's photographs, the old-world Druidical costumes were picturesque in the extreme. There was, in the first place, a meeting of the Welsh Bardic Gorsedd on the lawn of the Mansion House, presided over by Hwfa Mor, the Rev. Rowland Williams, Arch-Druid. That was followed by a procession of Celts to the old Concert-rooms, the five fragments of a pillar stone, representing five Celtic nationalities, being borne with especial pride. A Celtic Exhibition was suggested at the Congress, and, to mitigate the dryness of the Druidical proceedings, high jinks were held at the Mansion House at the courteous instigation of the genial Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Sir George White.

General Sir George White, who arrived at Devonport recently from Gibraltar, has derived great benefit from his stay at the "Rock." He has now happily recovered from the tremendous strain put upon him during his command at Ladysmith, and is spending a few quiet and enjoyable weeks with Lady White in the "Green Isle." Though a Gordon Highlander, Sir George is, of course, like our own "Bobs," an Irishman.

Deauville and Trouville.

The apogee of the Trouville-Deauville season was attained when the Grand Prix de Deauville was run the other day upon the lovely racecourse of La Touques. The sporting public had a wretched time, owing to the defeat of the heavily backed favourite, Grey Melton, and the bookmakers returned to their various hotels jubilant, the day having been for them an extremely copious one. The heat was torrid; hardly a breath of air stirred, and old sportsmen declared it was one of the hottest Grand Prix Days they had ever experienced. The dresses were something to be marvelled at in their lightness, brightness, and infinite variety; white, écar, lemon-colour, and pale pink were the favourite tints—in fact, very few, if any, dark gowns were to be observed among the thousands assembled in front of, around, and in the tribunes. There was quite a contingent of English visitors also, and charming Americans, either passing through or staying in Deauville, while the whole collection of watering-places along the Normandy coast appeared to have delegated their visitors towards the valley of the Touques. It is one of the most brilliant Seasons, from the point of view of numbers, that Trouville has ever known. I say Trouville because the twin-town, Deauville, receives annually its usual number of villa inhabitants, whose exclusiveness does not tend to enliven the place. It is an aristocratic family resort, where plebeians find little to interest or entertain them. Good Society in France is like good Society everywhere—it dislikes the tripping contingent. On race-days, however, the villa residents put in their smart appearance, and the reserved enclosure is filled with beautiful women gorgeously attired.

British Coronation Frocks.

Queen Alexandra has plainly stated that she hopes British ladies attending the Coronation will make a point of seeing that their gowns, trains, and robes are of British manufacture. Her Majesty's practical and patriotic request will surely be universally answered in the affirmative. Nothing can be lovelier both in texture and design than the finer "lines" of English and Irish woven silks and poplins, and already extensive orders for the more costly Irish laces have been given by, among other fair ladies, two of our smartest and prettiest Anglo-American Peeresses.

The late Empress Frederick's Gifts.

Rumour has been very busy of late (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) respecting the supposed contents of the late Empress Frederick's will. A very high German official informed me the other day that, whatever was said by people in general, he personally believed that the beautiful Castle at Cronberg had been left to the Emperor William himself. My informant says the Empress spent far more than was at all realised by the German people on public charities. One of the most striking points about her memory is that the great German Social-Democratic paper, the *Vorwärts*, which is a rabid opponent to all Sovereigns and rulers as a class, made most touching reference to Her late Majesty. I believe I am not wrong in believing that this is the only occasion the said paper has ever passed such kindly remarks on a member of the Royal Family. It is an important fact, for it represents the feelings of a very large portion of the working classes in Germany.

Our Berlin Embassy.

I am able to state (adds my Berlin Correspondent) that Viscount Lord Gough's successor in the Embassy at Berlin is Mr. Buchanan. It generally happens that the First Secretary of the Embassy proceeds from Germany to spheres of duty in quite far-distant countries prior to returning to a European Capital as Ambassador. Fortunately for Lord Gough, this is not so in his case, for foreign climes are not generally suited for young children,



THE PAN-CELTIC CONGRESS IN DUBLIN SINGING "LET ERIN REMEMBER."



THE ARCH-DRUID RECEIVING THE DELEGATES IN DUBLIN.

From Photographs by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

The "Becky" Boom. I remember once suggesting Thackeray's Becky Sharp as a character that would have suited a certain charming comédienne down to the ground, but hesitated at first to name the heroine lest I should give offence; so introduced the subject by premising that "she was no angel." "Mr. —, no woman is an angel!" was the sweeping reply of the

Resuscitation of the Beautified Strand. I venture to predict much happier and more prosperous times for the sorely tried established tradesmen of the Strand. You have only to look at the stately new front of the Hôtel Cecil, and to imagine, with that fine façade in your mind's eye, the additional effect of the new Gaiety Theatre and other Strand improvements, when the already barricaded Holywell Street is totally demolished and replaced by new houses, in order to realise that this great thoroughfare will then be one of the finest roads in London, and that trade should revive by leaps and bounds.

"Iris." What a beautiful title, that of "Iris," for Mr. Pinero's forthcoming new five-act play at the Garrick! I learn from Mr. M. V. Leveaux that Iris is also the name of the principal character in the piece.

The Century Theatre. The beautiful playhouse built on the site of the Adelphi will in the brighter times I refer to be well known under its new name of the Century Theatre. The architects, Messrs. Ernest Runtz and Co., and the contractor, Mr. Frank Kirk, will be found to have done their work most admirably. Exquisite taste has been shown in the scheme of colour for the roomy auditorium—"ivory-white, yellow, and old gold developed in silk velvet, with electric-blue mural coverings."

I am glad to hear also that the safety of the Company and of the public has been thought of, and that it is in a well-nigh model playhouse that the American musical piece, "The Whirl of the Town," will be produced in September.

The Palace Theatre. Mr. Charles Morton, who has just gaily slid, as it were, into his eighty-third year, is giving at the Palace Theatre an even grander programme than hitherto. Its chief contributors are Horace Goldin, the startling illusionist; Little George and his droll little dog, Rosie (the funniest dog I have ever seen); Miss May Belfort, the charming chanssonnetteuse; the merry Manhattan Comedy Four; Thompson's Marvellous Elephants; and Miss Ida Rene, who is as pretty as she is quaint, and vice-versa.

The publication of the Nietzsche Letters continues steadily in Germany. This autumn will see several new volumes of his correspondence. Another volume which is awaited with considerable interest in Germany is the Life and Letters of Munkacsy.



From a Photograph.]

MR. COSMO STUART.



[Photo by Collis Canterbury.]

MR. ROBERT HICHENS.

CO-ADAPTERS OF THE "BECKY SHARP" PLAY PRODUCED AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

vivacious actress, who has departed this world since, and probably has joined the angels long ere this. I couldn't help thinking of this experience as a colleague read over to me the roll-call of the Becky Sharps who are now appealing to the public on both sides of the Atlantic. It is with arch and bewitching Miss Marie Tempest's Becky that the town is now principally concerned. And, apropos of that delectable, sweet-voiced lady's presenting us with a captivating companion picture to her fascinating Nell Gwyn, I would venture to inquire whether justice has been done to the memory and to the descendants of William Makepeace Thackeray, the author of "Vanity Fair." Let the credit that is their due be given to the adapters, Mr. Robert H. Hichens and Mr. Cosmo Stuart (whose portraits I have the pleasure to give, with those of Miss Marie Tempest, of the amiable Amelia, and the clever young composer of the illustrative music). But is the accomplished daughter of Thackeray himself to receive the conscience-money which is morally her due?

Archbishop Temple's Silver Wedding.

It is rarely that a man who marries in his fifty-fifth year enjoys the happiness of celebrating his Silver Wedding. Such is, however, the fortunate lot of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who on Saturday, the 24th inst., commemorated at Canterbury the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage to Miss Beatrice Lascelles, daughter of the late Right Hon. William Sebright Lascelles, M.P., and Lady Caroline Lascelles, and granddaughter of the second Earl of Harewood and the sixth Earl of Carlisle. The wedding took place on Aug. 24, 1876, at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, Dr. Temple at that time being Bishop of Exeter, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. the Hon. F. R. Grey (the bride's uncle) and the Rev. Canon Fleming, Dr. Temple's best man being his nephew, Mr. W. O. Moberly, a master at Clifton College, and the six bridesmaids all of them nieces of either the bride or the bridegroom. The Archbishop has had the singular experience of being next successor but one to Dr. Tait in the Headmastership of Rugby School, in the Bishopric of London, and in the Archbishopric of Canterbury.



MR. M. MELVILLE ELLIS,
THE COMPOSER OF THE MUSIC TO
"BECKY SHARP."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery.

Back from China. Portsmouth and Southsea (which has attracted a great number of visitors this month) have been enlivened by the return from Chinese waters of gallant Admiral Seymour and the brave officers and men of H.M.S. *Centurion*. When Jack starts on his well-earned leave, he would probably be much interested in Mr. Imre

Kiralfy's superbly realistic representation at the Earl's Court Military Exhibition of the Defence of the British Legation at Pekin—one of the most exciting war-dramas ever produced. The performance in the Empress Theatre is far more cohesive than it was at the outset, and has been generally improved by Marshal Kiralfy. To acquire a good appetite by an exhilarating and invigorating excursion down the "Chute," and by a boating trip through the labyrinthine Canton River, to dine in Spiers and Pond's airy restaurant facing the lake, and wind up with a lounge on the lawn of the radiantly illuminated Old Welcome Club, listening to the strains of the Grenadier Guards or Coldstream Band, is to reconcile one almost to detention in London when most of one's friends are away on the Moors or at foreign Spas.



MISS IRENE ROOKE.

WHO PLAYS AMELIA IN MISS TEMPEST'S PRODUCTION OF "BECKY SHARP," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

*The Maker of
Eastbourne.*

I confess it is with unfailing delight I ever return to the remarkably bright and beautiful Sussex watering-place the late Duke of Devonshire virtually made under the shelter of Beachy Head. Eastbourne, gay and free from trippers, is an abiding joy. Innumerable visitors must be



STATUE OF THE LATE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, ERECTED IN EASTBOURNE, THE DELIGHTFUL WATERING-PLACE HE PRACTICALLY CREATED.

Photo by Lavis, Eastbourne.

inexpressibly grateful to Exhilarating Eastbourne for restoring their health and strength. But imagine the constant thought and care and liberal expenditure which must have been devoted to the development of this beautiful and salubrious seaside resort! Considerately remembering all that the seventh Duke of Devonshire did for this delightful Pleasure Town, the good people of Eastbourne have done well to erect a noble bronze monument of His Grace, a lifelike memorial of one of the most beneficent of noblemen, to commemorate his immeasurable services and his personal worth. Mr. Goscombe John, the sculptor, has represented the Duke in his robes as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The dignified statue was much admired in the Royal Academy, and the sculptor richly merited the praise bestowed by the present Duke in his sympathetic speech at the unveiling ceremony, which was appropriately performed by the Marquis of Abergavenny, Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex. The varied attractions of the pleasure known as Devonshire Park are indicated in a couple of snapshots. Whilst athletics and lawn-tennis are not neglected here, the excellent concerts given in the Crystal Concert-room are also always appreciated as they deserve to be. In speaking of Eastbourne,



FOOT-RACE AT DEVONSHIRE PARK, EASTBOURNE.

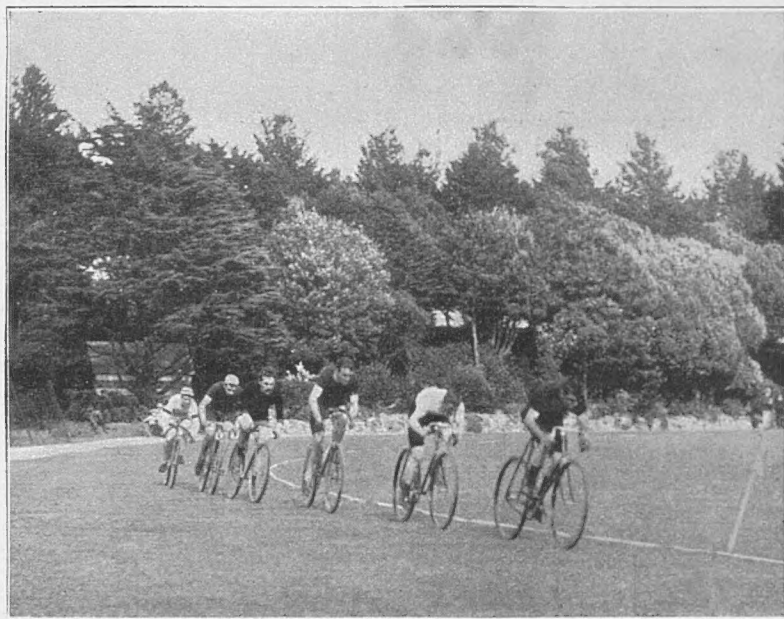
the growing townlet of Pevensey adjoining should not be forgotten. Pevensey is a quiet haven of rest rejoicing in life-giving air and sunshine.

*The Coronation
Picture.*

Readers of *The Sketch* on both sides of the Atlantic will be gratified to learn that Mr. E. A. Abbey has definitively accepted the Royal commission to execute a Coronation picture. The last work of this nature, it is of interest to recall, came from the brush of the now veteran Mr. Frith, who painted the Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Some idea of the work to be achieved by Mr. Abbey, who, by the way, was selected as painter through the influence of Messrs. Agnew, will be realised when it is stated that on Mr. Frith's canvas there are as many as two hundred and fifty portraits, each one carefully studied and placed. The task undertaken by Mr. Abbey in reproducing the historic scene, unparalleled in splendour as it is certain to be, which will be enacted next June within the venerable Abbey of Westminster will necessitate the special sittings of many notable persons, and will involve, it need hardly be added, a larger expenditure of time and labour on the part of the artist than any fee, commercially considered, will be likely to cover.

*Statesmen
Frequenters of the
Athenæum.*

Among the works referred to by members of the Athenæum—most exclusive of all the Clubs—none can approach the frequency with which the volumes of "Hansard's Debates" are handled. These are consulted at close-recurring intervals by our foremost legislators, and not unseldom by the Earl of Rosebery, the Marquis of Salisbury.



CYCLING AT DEVONSHIRE PARK, EASTBOURNE.

Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. While Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour are ordinary members of the Athenæum—the election of the former dating from 1858, and the latter from 1886—Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain were elected under Rule XII, which allows the election from time to time as extraordinary members of the Club of various persons of distinction, including Cabinet Ministers. Lord Rosebery was elected in 1885, when he held the office of Lord Privy Seal, Mr. Chamberlain being elected a member in 1882, when President of the Board of Trade in Mr. Gladstone's second Ministry. Of members of the Government who belong to the Athenæum, Mr. Chamberlain is the least frequent in his visits.

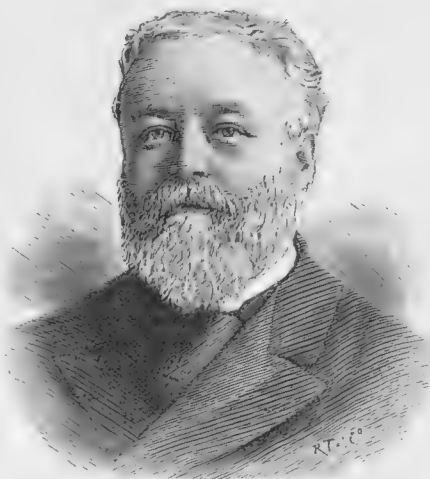
A Grouse Story. A Scottish noble Lord famed among his friends for his saving, or, as he would have put it himself, his careful propensities, went out one day shooting his broad moors, accompanied only by his keeper. After an afternoon's hard work, he sat down to rest, and, ruefully contemplating his "bag," observed thoughtfully, "And to think that each brace has cost me, first and last, at least fifteen shillings, Donald!" "Eh, eh!" answered Donald consolingly, "then it's a mairey yere Lairdship missed the mony ye did to-day, for it's a nice bit ye've saved, I'm thinking!"

*A Notable
Wedding.*

Next week (Sept. 5) takes place a wedding interesting to military and general Society, and quite a number of people will make a point of being in London to see the popular and gigantic Captain "Ossie" Ames lead to the altar Miss Violet Cecil. The ceremony will take place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, and the bride's mother will receive the wedding-guests in Grosvenor Square.

F. C. Burnand and Arthur A'Beckett. I am glad to learn that Mr. F. C. Burnand, the urbane Editor of *Punch*, left England for his trip to Norway in comparatively good health and excellent spirits, and still further glad to state that his medical advisers are of opinion that the operation which he will have to undergo need cause no alarm to the patient or his many friends. It will be a somewhat irksome process, but, thanks to our modern anæsthetic treatment, not actually painful.

During "F. C. B.'s" absence, his place will be taken on *Punch* by another bright literary leader, Mr. Arthur A'Beckett, who has gone to Leeds to attend the Conference of the Institute of Journalists in his capacity of President, and a right good President, too—genial and tactful as he is handsome, *vide* portrait. It is singularly fortunate for *Punch* that two men of such ability and humour as Frank Burnand and Arthur A'Beckett should be associated in its guidance.



MR. ARTHUR A'BECKETT,
PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

The Institute of Journalists. The Chartered Institute of Journalists is the social link which binds newspaper-writers together throughout the kingdom, and it is but natural that its active spirits should desire to have a building of their own—if their funds will run to it. As the Royal Charter was granted to the Institute during the reign of Her late Majesty, this year's President, Mr. Arthur W. A'Beckett, conceived the happy idea of building the projected hall as a Victoria Memorial. So mote it be! A site is secured in Tudor Street and Bridewell Place. Mr. H. L. Florence, an architect of mark, has prepared a design, and from the little photograph given of his plan for the main elevation it will be seen that the proposed building will, as regards the exterior design, be a suitable one. As some urge, it might, once erected, become the headquarters of the Institute of Journalists and of the Newspaper Press Fund alike, and under its roof might eventually dwell in harmony the members of the London Press Club. But, to secure this end, the Carnegies of the British Press would have to subscribe liberally to the cause. Meantime, the London Press Club is to be congratulated upon the success which it has attained in the present snug quarters—far more commodious than the few rooms we occupied at the starting of the Club over the late Mr. Bradlaugh's book-shop at the Fleet Street corner of Bouverie Street.

A Modification of Journalistic Policy. A great modification of the policy followed during the last few months by a certain well-known daily newspaper may confidently be expected. The reason is not far to seek. It has become abundantly evident to the proprietors that the extreme views which have been advocated in its columns have not met with satisfactory response from the public. Moreover, the recent defection of one of its principal officers has also necessitated the return to less aggressive methods. This decision, I am sure, will be well received by all those who, apart from party feeling, have always admired a long-standing and ably-written journal.



THE ELEVATION OF THE NEW HALL FOR THE
INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS, TUDOR STREET.

Drawn by H. L. Florence.

because Opera can never be thoroughly understood and appreciated unless given in the language of the people. Mr. McCunn points out that we

have plenty of vocalists and orchestral performers second to none, while there would be no lack of efficient conductors. The choral supply would be adequate also. The question of English translations of foreign operas presents some difficulties; but, in case of existing versions being inadequate, new ones might be supplied and compared with the musical scores. I trust that Mr. McCunn's excellent suggestions may soon be acted upon. We have ample materials for a permanent English Opera.

Trafalgar Square—A Suggestion.

It has been mooted (writes a "Cockney") in certain influential circles that a movement should be set on foot to convert Trafalgar Square from its present condition into a charming garden. It is proposed that the present unsightly asphalt should be done away with, and turf, flowers, and shrubs take its place. Certainly there is something very attractive in the notion. The asphalt, usually occupied by urchins larking round the fountains, and nearly always sloppy, would not be missed even by the most vehement upholders of the rights of the people. I would even suggest the erection of a band-stand and the planting of trees. Think what a charming open space this would make! Then, indeed, Trafalgar Square would be the finest sight (not site) in Europe. I sincerely hope the scheme will be carried out.

General Baden-Powell Visits the Elswick Works.

General Baden-Powell broke his journey to the North at Newcastle, and, accompanied by one of the representatives of the firm, paid a visit to the famous Elswick Works of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. Although bronzed, he looked thin, and is still under medical treatment. The late Lord Armstrong, founder of these works, and the General had much in common; the hero of Mafeking has all along shown himself inventive and resourceful, and the reverse of a mere red-book soldier. The late W. G. Armstrong, the son of a Newcastle solicitor, was born at No. 9, Pleasant Row, and all through his legal career showed such a decided mechanical bent that his friends were not astonished after the success of his hydraulic machines that he started the Elswick engine-works, in a small way, that have grown to be a huge concern, building guns and warships for our own and foreign Governments, and employing upwards of twenty thousand persons.

To Keep His Memory Green.

The Newcastle folk, not content with such memorials of the late Lord Armstrong as the Armstrong Park and Jesmond Dene, which they owe to his liberality, and the recent benefactions of his heir, Mr. Watson-Armstrong, of Crag-side, Rothbury, which keep his memory green, are raising a fund to commemorate his fame as a scientist. The Duke of Northumberland is taking a personal interest in the matter, and will take the chair at the meeting in this connection to be held in Newcastle towards the end of September. A fund of £26,000 is being collected, of which some £14,000 is already subscribed, and it has been proposed that the College of Science be re-named the "Armstrong College" as a permanent memorial. Another part of the scheme is a statue of Lord Armstrong near the College. The Newcastle Burns Club also want a statue of their favourite poet—which may well make sculptors prick their ears.

Mr. Carnegie's Fondness for Music.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has always been fond of music, and pays the family organist at Skibo a good salary for his services. Long ere he left the United States he had begun to give organs, one of his favourite quotations from Confucius being, "Music, sacred tongue of God, I hear thee call and come." He is President of the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York, and President also of the New York Oratorio; while Mrs. Carnegie is Vice-President of the Musical Arts Society of New York. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has a soft place in his heart for organs and free libraries just at present.

Trouville.

The Casino at Trouville is particularly attractive at the present time. Puccini's "Vie de Bohème" attracted a large audience, despite the heat; while at the Eden Casino Mlle. Cléo de Mérode attracts the smart crowd of Clubmen with her languorous dances.



MISS MAISIE TURNER,
THE CLEVER VARIETY ARTISTE RECENTLY
AT THE OXFORD.

Photo by W. Whitley, Ltd., Bayswater.

The Boers at Murraysburg.

Murraysburg, an important town in Karoo District, Cape Colony, seems to have a special attraction for the Boers, as they have occupied it repeatedly. On the last occasion they did so much destruction (burning all the Government offices and principal buildings, and then going outside the town and

Four Gallant Victorians.

An impressive service was recently held in the church of St. James's, Graaff-Reinet, on the occasion of the unveiling of a memorial tablet of white marble to the memory of four brave soldiers of the Victorian Imperial Regiment who had given their lives for the Empire, three of them having been killed in action. The memorial was erected at the cost of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Arthur Henniker-Major, C.B., of the Coldstream Guards, who, as the legend on the tablet recorded, had "the honour of having these gallant soldiers under his command." Colonel Henniker-Major himself unveiled the tablet, while the band played "God Save the King." It is a pathetic yet gratifying instance of the fellow-feeling existing between Imperial and Colonial brothers-in-arms that, though the memorial was supplied by a local monumental-mason, the whole of the lettering was executed by a soldier of Colonel Henniker-Major's own regiment, the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, which, though ranked second of the Guards' Brigade, is proud of being the oldest regiment—"second to none." Thus an historic corps rendered homage to one of the Empire's newest regiments.

Lord Kitchener.

The reports of Lord Kitchener's impending return to this country appear to have been quite without foundation, and both the South African Press and officers serving



GANNA SIDINGS DISASTER, CAPE COLONY: PARADE AFTER THE FIGHT.

destroying Hon. Herholdt's residence) that the loyal inhabitants who could do so fled to Beaufort West. In remote towns the difficulties of keeping a garrison are very great, as there is no railway communication and no facility for transport of provisions. Colonel Lund's column has since re-occupied the town. On its appearance the Boers rapidly dispersed.

Boer Train- Burning.

One of these photographs represents a train which was destroyed by Boers at Ganna Sidings, near Nelsport, the nearest station to Murraysburg. The train was proceeding north, with details for the various regiments, when, on approaching the above place, the engine-driver noticed some boulders on the line and stopped the train. Immediately after, two Boers presented pistols at his head and threatened to shoot him. The soldiers who were in the train, on trying to alight, were shot down. They kept up the fight for an hour, but further resistance was useless, as they were overpowered by the enemy, about a hundred and fifty in number, who were mostly hidden behind mounds. On our men surrendering, the Boers looted the train, set fire to it, and took away all provisions they could carry. Fortunately, the guard managed to escape to the nearest station, and gave the alarm, when an armoured train was sent and rescued our men, and conveyed the wounded to the hospital in Beaufort West.



GANNA SIDINGS DISASTER: REMAINS OF THE TRAIN AFTER THE FIRE.



SOLDIERS RESCUED FROM THE GANNA SIDINGS DISASTER: THE MEN LEAVING FOR THE NORTH AFTER THE FIGHT.

From Photographs by Edgecombe, Beaufort West, Cape Colony.

under him unite in praise of his Lordship's administration of affairs. Indeed, an officer writing home to his brother, an M.P., says that it would be difficult to over-praise Lord Kitchener's remarkable power of self-control and ability to keep his own counsel. Those who in the past have suffered from incompetent leaders express their approval of Lord Kitchener's ceaseless efforts to put the right men in command, and, in spite of the clap-trap retailed at home, it is fully recognised in South Africa, by Boer and Briton alike, that no more humane and pacific General ever directed an Army on active service.

Who is "C. B."? So much interest has been evoked by the "C. B." correspondence in recent issues of the *Spectator* that a peculiar interest belongs to the actual owner of these initials. The "C. B." who revealed his name after the Parliamentary "Leader" who is generally so designated had written to the journal in question is a son of the late Dr. Boyd ("A. K. H. B.") of St. Andrews. He is in his thirty-third year; he was a contributor to the old *Saturday Review*, and was one of Mr. Henley's "young men" on the *National Observer*. He was for a time private secretary to Mr. George Wyndham, now Secretary for Ireland. In 1897 he visited South Africa as Special Correspondent for the *Scotsman*, and again for the *Daily Telegraph* in the elections in the summer of 1898. He has more recently been in South Africa. His brother is the smart Editor of the sparkling *Pelican*.

The Czar's Visit to France.

The visit of the Czar to France (writes my Paris Correspondent) is welcomed on all sides, and it will be a thousand pities if he is not accompanied by the Czarina. The French, who are the most home-loving people in the world, were delighted with the love of the Emperor for his wife and child on the occasion of the historic visit four years ago. When the chief of the Protocole—



[Photo by Pierre Petit, Paris.]
THE LATE M. EDMOND AUDRAN,
COMPOSER OF "LA MASCOTTE," &c.

M. Crozier—suggested certain combinations that would have almost prevented the Autocrat of the Russias from seeing his wife and children, he simply rode roughshod over all these formalities. He showed himself during that visit the most charmingly simple of men, and it was a positive pleasure to see him in the voiture of Félix Faure, turning the late President into a guide, and eagerly explaining to the little Grand Duchess Olga the thousand-and-one objects that she prattled to him about and the monuments they passed.

As I write, it is believed the Czar will not visit Paris, and the reason is not far to seek. The French seaside towns have only a three to four months' life. If the Czar visited Paris in the middle of September, the tremendous fêtes would draw all the wealthy to Paris, and, so late in the season, they would have little inclination to return. This, with the elections coming on in May, will have a tremendous effect on the Deputies, who will, I am told, use a friendly pressure on the Government not to ruin the precarious seaside season.

Loubet as Host.

It will be interesting to see the manner in which President Loubet will act as host. It may be that this reception will mark a page in history. Faure simply dreamed of a luxury and display such as Napoleon III. never thought of. He organised the last fêtes in the Czar's honour with Oriental splendour. Loubet, on the other hand, has never varied from the utmost simplicity in his public appearances. There was nothing triumphal in his return from the Grand Prix, and he refused all military escort and came back from Longchamps in his open brougham with one outrider. In all his doings he has persisted in acting as a country gentleman representing the people. When it was a question of painting his portrait, which is hung in every Mairie in France, he refused to wear the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and appears in simple attire. He will make a splendid host, and the Czar will appreciate him, just as he will admire that perfect type of a kindly wife, Madame Loubet.

Compiègne.

This château, where they say the Czar and Czarina will stay, is a superb relic of Merovingian days. It is in the Department of Oise, near Paris, and is surrounded by a magnificent forest and park. It was here that in 833 the Council was held which deposed Louis the Débonnaire. Jean d'Arc was held a prisoner here by the Burgundians in 1430. Here Napoleon married Marie-Louise, and here Leopold, King of the Belgians, espoused the daughter of Louis-Philippe. Here also was signed the treaty between France and Holland, in 1634, for the invasion of Belgium, and another important treaty in 1768, by which Genoa sold Corsica to France. The château has stood empty since Napoleon III., utilised by the Republic only to instal a museum of Khmer antiquities. Much of its splendid



THE AQUARIUM THEATRE, YARMOUTH.
Taken by Lord Rosslyn (member of Mrs. Langtry's Company) from the Balcony of the Queen's Hotel.

furniture has been sent to decorate the Governor-Generals' residences in the colonies, and is to-day at Algiers and at Saigon.

Edmond Audran.

I was deeply sorry (continues my Paris Correspondent) to read that the famous author of "La Mascotte" was dead at Gisors. He was a very unhappy man, and for no earthly reason. I met him last year, when "Miss Helyett" was revived with success, but he was bitter to an unreasonable degree against the modern light airs in semi-music-hall-theatrical plays. "I would sooner sing in the streets than write that stuff!" he said peevishly.

Madame Réjane's Summer Home.

It is a charming Normandy cottage, not far from Trouville, bedded in verdure and flowers. In the distance, a short drive away, is the beach. She bought the place twelve years ago, after her first success. Since then she has amused herself with developing its resources, adding this year a stable, last year a conservatory, and another year a wing. Her husband, M. Porel, and her children, Germaine and Jacques, spend the summer here; but Réjane herself never has more than two or three weeks' respite before she is again on the wing. She is preparing at this moment a great tournée, which includes the Continent and will take her from Lucerne to Smyrna. They say the King of Greece has invited her to take part in the inauguration festivities of the new Greek Government Theatre, which he has built to run on the lines of the Comédie-Française. Réjane will see very little of her summer home this year.

The Eagle of Waterloo.

The great painter and sculptor, Gérôme, has just finished the model for the statue to be raised on the field of Waterloo to the memory of the French soldiers fallen there. Never has an artist been more happily inspired. This monument is an eagle upon a rock. The symbolic bird, wounded to the death, still spreads his left wing in a splendidly heroic movement,



Mrs. Langtry. Miss Goldsmith. Miss Dorothy Hammond. Mr. Gregory.
MRS. LANGTRY ON TOUR: "TIME TO GET IN, LADIES."
Snapshoted by the Earl of Rosslyn.

as if to menace the enemy. The bird, which will be in bronze, measures ten feet, and the rock pedestal will lift it some fifty feet high. This splendid allegory will, therefore, dominate the immense battlefield. It is to be dedicated next spring.

Santos-Dumont No. 6.

In a factory in the suburbs of Paris, at Vaugirard, thirty men and women are working night and day stitching the seams of a gigantic silken robe, making the envelope of Santos-Dumont's new balloon. The greater part is already put together, and it will be delivered to its proprietor at the end of the month. The cost of this envelope alone will be ten thousand francs.

The Air Conquest.

The possibility of an Englishman—Mr. Buchanan, as given by the French journals—winning the £4000 prize for a steerable balloon causes intense interest in Paris. Fortunately, the French Ballooning Club are the best of good sportsmen, and to whatsoever nation it goes the winner may be assured of fair play. Santos-Dumont tells me that his new machine is miles ahead of all the others he has designed, and he regards his recent accident as *une affaire pour rire*, and, far from being unnerved, considers it useful experience. Plucky, at any rate.

A Romantic House.

There is a little hut in the Avenue du Bois-de-Boulogne which has a strange history. It is dominated by huge palaces, and the stranger who passes it wonders if by some freak of the fairies it has strayed from the Plaine St. Denis during the night. An old lady lives there, and will live there till the end of her days, and the offer of a wealthy American to buy the ground for £160,000—for the gardens are large—was refused with an emphatic shrug of the shoulders. One hundred years ago, when the Bois-de-Boulogne was known as the Plaine Maillot, a rag-picker bought an acre for a few shillings, and erected his hut, and that hut has housed the family till to-day. The old lady, who is the last of the family, has the little front-garden ablaze with red geraniums and old-fashioned flowers. She is very hospitable and delights in visitors.

WITH THE KING AT HOMBURG.

"THE PRETTIEST OF GERMAN SPAS."

HOMBURG, once famed among the gamblers of the world—indeed, it was there that "Monte Carlo Blanc" laid the foundations of his vast fortune—is now a peaceful Paradise, and rejoices in its pleasant name of the "prettiest of German Spas." Exquisitely clean, and as if filled with the breath of eternal spring, Homburg lies within hail of the splendid Taunus Mountains.

THE KING AT "RITTER'S."

King Edward VII. has now been an almost yearly visitor to Homburg for just twenty-five years, and His Majesty, ever faithful to his old friends and servants, still patronises the famous hotel so long known to the great world as "Ritter's," or, to give it its right name, Ritter's Park Hotel. As Prince of Wales, the Sovereign always occupied a small suite of rooms almost on the ground-floor, with a staircase leading straight into the quaint hotel-garden, and within a few yards of the broad terrace where so many noted folk have entertained the future King to lunch or dinner. This year, for reasons that can easily be

KING EDWARD'S GOBLET

is a beautiful specimen of German ornamental glass or crystal. Rimmed with gold, it is embossed with the Royal Arms and His Majesty's monogram. A somewhat similar drinking-glass is presented by the Homburg Municipality to each of their Royal visitors, that used by the Duke of Cambridge being specially ornate and fine in design.

LIVELY HOMBURG.

Homburg makes a valiant effort to provide plenty of healthy amusements for her patrons. The Lawn-Tennis Club is one of the best on the Continent, and the International Tennis Tournament is the great feature of the season, even Royal players flocking to the place just for that one week. One of the most enthusiastic tennis-players is the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (whose portrait appeared in *The Sketch* a few months ago). The Tennis Tournament is said to owe its being to the efforts made by Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, the popular son of Prince and Princess Christian.

The golf-ground is very good, and last year the then Prince of Wales was one of its most assiduous visitors. Golf quite rivals tennis as a way of killing time, and many people who do not actually play



LIFE AT HOMBURG: DRINKING THE WATERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VOIGT, HOMBURG-VOR-DER-HÜHE.

understood, "Ritter's" Royal guest has taken up his quarters in a larger and more private set of apartments—in fact, the entire first-floor of what Homburg habitués style "the Old House," for "Ritter's" has been enlarged, added to, and altered almost every year since its foundation.

HIS MAJESTY'S "CURE."

During his stay in Homburg, King Edward sets a good example to all those who are going through the "cure," for it is too often forgotten that the place is justly celebrated for springs of remarkable curative properties, and Homburg minus the Elizabeth Spring would indeed be "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. The "cure," in addition to a certain course of baths, douches, and so many glasses—generally three—of medicinal water, consists in leading a normal, healthy life as far as is possible. "Early to bed and early to rise" is the motto of Homburg, though of late certain bolder spirits have introduced dancing. Plain living is an important part of the "cure," and even the menus at "Ritter's" and the Grand Hotel are arranged accordingly.

"ALL IN THE MORNING EARLY."

The day begins soon after seven—in fact, the band, admirably conducted by Herr Schulz, actually begins playing at 7.30. By eight o'clock the stately Elizabeth Spring is crowded, each visitor bringing, according to the new regulation, enforced only this season, his or her own glass to the healing waters.

themselves take tea in the comfortable Golf Clubhouse most afternoons. Of late, there has also been a great revival of the game of croquet.

WAITING FOR THE "BOY."

The story goes that, during the course of a picnic honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales, the butler for the nonce consisted of a small boy who was not so quick as he might have been in helping the guests to champagne. Half-way through the meal, the Prince noticed that his *vis-à-vis*, a pretty American girl, did not seem to be getting on very well with her lunch. "Can I pass you anything?" inquired His Royal Highness. "Oh no, Sir!" replied this very modern Daisy Miller; then, demurely, "I am only waiting for the boy." The Prince laughed heartily, and, adopting the euphemism for his own, added a new expression to the language of the table.

A great many Royal personages, including many of His Majesty's German nephews and nieces, are coming and going at Homburg just now. The Duke of Teck was for a few days constantly with his uncle, the Duke of Cambridge. On the 20th inst. the King took Princess Christian for an automobile drive. Mrs. Ogden Goelet and her pretty daughter head, in an informal fashion, the always-increasing American colony. Sir George Wombwell (for the twentieth season), Lord Halsbury, Lord Cork, Sir Frank Lascelles, Sir Cuthbert Quilter, and, among the ladies, Lady Crossley, Miss Peel, Miss "Toupie" Lowther, and Lady Lacon, are a few of the many well-known people at Homburg.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF ENGLAND AT RITTER'S PARK HOTEL, HOMBURG.



DÉJEUNER ON THE TERRACE OF RITTER'S PARK HOTEL, HOMBURG.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY VOIGT, HOMBURG-VOR-DEr-HÖHE.

THE SOCIAL JESTER



HOW I SOUGHT SOLITUDE—AND FOUND IT.

A TRAGEDY OF THE CORNISH COAST.

FOR NEW READERS.—Chippers and I decide to spend a fortnight in a lonely farmhouse on the North Cornish coast. Up to the end of the last Chapter we don't like it a little bit. Now you are well up with the other 750,000 subscribers.

CHAPTER III.—CRUEL, CRUEL ROCKS!

AT nine o'clock that same evening, the little stout man announced his intention of going to bed.

"Why so soon?" said I, glancing up from the serial story that I was reading in a local paper two years old.

"I want to get some sleep before you come up," said Chippers.

Then I had a great idea.

"Look here," said I. "If I stay here till three o'clock, will you get up then and let me have the bed?" (It was, as I said, a small bed, even for one.)

"Very likely," said Chippers, edging towards the door.

"Ah! but that won't do. We can't have a scrimmage at three in the morning. Remember the dog!"

Chippers said nothing, but the hand that held the match that was to light the candle trembled like a house on the Tuppenny Tube.

"Well," he replied at last, "I'll tell you what. I've always liked you, old man. You shall have first turn."

"Certainly not!" said I. "You're altogether too unselfish. We'll toss, and the winner shall have the first watch."

"All right," said Chippers. "Shout!" And he spun a coin in the air.

"Heads," said I.

He tried to catch the coin, but missed it, and it fell on the floor.

"Well," I asked, "what is it?"

"I've lost the dashed thing," said Chippers, groping about on his hands and knees. "Just hold the light, will you?"

"Certainly," I said. "What was it?"

"Half-a-sovereign," replied the little man.

"Ah! All comes of putting on side," I told him. "Better leave it and let her find it when she sweeps the room in the morning."

"You bet!" said Chippers.

"I'll take the carpet up and shake it first."

Eventually he found the coin leaning quietly up against the wall.

"It's nothing," he said, hastily pocketing it. "You can toss this time."

"Your cry, then," said I, placing a penny carefully on the table.

"Tails," said Chippers.

"Tails it is," said I. "You have first watch. Up you go!"

He took up the candle again, padded out of the room, and went slowly up the stairs. When he had gone, I turned to my serial with a sigh and cursed the villain of the story for having murdered his third wife with a misprint. Whilst I was re-arranging the letters in my mind, I heard Chippers coming downstairs again.

He opened the door, marched into the room with a determined air, placed his knuckles on the table, after the manner of a clerical speaker addressing a political meeting, and looked at me fixedly.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Threes," he said.

At five o'clock the next morning, neither of us having slept a wink, Chippers got out of bed and said he was going down to the sea to

bathe. The sun was a long way behind the clouds, but it was just not raining.

"How are you going to get there?" I asked.

"Bike," said Chippers, pulling on his wet boots.

"All right," said I, not to be outdone, "I'll come too."

Stealing gently out of the house, therefore, so as not to disturb the dog from his well-earned rest, we made our way to the cow-shed, disentangled our machines from a pile of hurdles and faggots, and set out for the salt sea waves. After walking and riding alternately for some half-hour or so, we found the sea. Even then, however, we couldn't get at it all at once, for the cliffs are precipitous in those parts, and it took us another half-hour to find a way down to the beach.

"I hope no one will take our bikes," said Chippers.

"I wish there was someone to take them," I replied.

"Thought you wanted solitude?" said Chippers.

It was cold work undressing. I had stripped to the waist before I remembered to take off my boots, and while I was unlacing the second one the breeze took hold of my shirt and wafted it towards the sea. The beach was mainly composed of sharp rocks, but, in the excitement of catching my shirt, I forgot to tread warily until I had landed forcibly on a jagged stone with my bare foot. Springing back with all the agility at my command, I tripped backwards over another rock and sat down in a miniature lake of salt water.

"Look out for your shirt," said Chippers, "or it'll blow into the sea."

When I had staunched the wound in my foot, I took off the rest of my clothes and picked my way gingerly down to the edge of the waves. Chippers was still disrobing behind a large boulder.

"What's it like?" he shouted, suddenly peeping over his protection with a blue face.

"Grand!" I screamed, plunging my big toe into a puddle.

"Why don't you go in?" he demanded, still from behind the rock.

"I'm just having a cool-off first," I replied. "Aren't you coming?"

"Rather!" he retorted, feigning excitement; "but I can't get my boot-lace undone."

"I'll lend you a knife," said I.

"No, thanks, old man!" said he. "I'd rather not cut it," and his head disappeared again.

"Well," I thought, "I'll give him a lead this time," and I waded in gently until the waves just lapped my knees. Then I looked round for Chippers, and, finding that he was still invisible, I stooped down hurriedly and splashed some water over my face and hair. It was beastly cold.

"Who-o-o-p!" yelled Chippers, emerging at last and picking his way over the rocks. "This is something like!"

"But not much," said I, as he got in, by accident, up to his ankles. "Mind you duck your head."

"I will if you will," he replied through chattering teeth.

"I have," I answered, triumphantly.

"H'm! Looks very dry at the back," said he. "However, here goes," and he gently lowered the most prominent parts of his face into the water.

"Ha!" he spluttered, puffing and blowing; "splendid, isn't it? I've a good mind to have a swim."

And then, as my story of the night before said once in every ten lines, a terrible thing happened. Stepping forward somewhat rashly into the waves, Chippers suddenly disappeared. All sorts of horrible thoughts about sharks and quicksands flashed through my mind, but it was the work of a moment, nevertheless, to step back to the little man and pull him out of the hole into which he had fallen. It was only some two feet deep, but he was wringing wet all over.

"Ugh!" he shuddered, "that was a near thing!"

"It was," said I, solemnly.

I helped him back to the shore, and we dried and dressed ourselves in silence. When we had regained the summit of the cliff and found our bicycles, Chippers turned to me, held out his hand, and looked away to the far south with suspiciously moist eyes.

"Old man," he said, his voice trembling with emotion, "I owe you a debt that I can never repay!"

"Nonsense!" I replied, speaking brusquely to hide my real feelings; "you try."

(To be Concluded.)



Chicost



MISS VIOLET LLOYD,

ONE OF THE CAPTIVATING WITCHES OF "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

A "Warm" Subject—Which becomes a Burning Question—Is Heat a Delusion?—Married in Shirt-Sleeves—Parliament in Bathing-Costume—When and How to go to Prison—Herr Fahrenheit as a Musical Composer.

A FEW words on the hot weather. The subject suggests itself because at the moment these lines are being written it is intensely cold and there is a fire burning. Therefore, by the time they are printed it will most probably have become disagreeably warm. All responsible newspapers have to keep articles on "Yesterday's Cold Snap" and "Hints for Heat Apoplexy" respectively constantly ready for insertion at the moment of going to press.

Nothing more criminally wrong is known to the News Editor of a daily journal than for the weather to change suddenly about 3 a.m., when nothing can be altered, throwing the whole meteorological tone of the paper hopelessly out of date. I see a prominent daily, probably in the hurry of some crisis like this, speaks of "the intense heat." This might be described as a "bad spell of hot weather." The modesty of another journal is painful. It notes that three hours after its complaint about the cold, the climate became so oppressive that the public began to die of exhaustion.

Christian Scientists in New York have been explaining that they do not feel the heat, which is really a delusion. True, a Christian Scientist since then has dropped dead in the street from heat-apoplexy, but this proves only that he was not a consistent Christian Scientist. So with the invulnerability of the "Boxers." If a bullet perforated a "Boxer" instead of impinging off his skin as from a steel target, this simply exposed his want of genuineness, and he was at once chopped up by his infuriated friends as a humbug and a hypocrite.

A feature of the closing of the Law Courts for the Long Vacation was the admonition given by an eminent Judge to a junior counsel who wore a white waistcoat in Court in deference to the heat. Of course, we must draw the line somewhere. Otherwise we might come to the principal characters at a Coronation appearing in blazers and a Commander-in-Chief reviewing an Army Corps in the Boer full-dress uniform of a blue shirt and corduroys. In democratic countries less of this unmeaning ceremonial is necessary. In Kentucky, during a recent trial the Judge kept his feet on the desk throughout and drank from an ice-pitcher which was provided with a seat on the bench beside him. He incidentally remarked in summing-up that "he was not sure, as a matter of fact, that the prisoner was not a better man than himself."

In another American heat-wave, not long ago, whole trials were conducted in shirt-sleeves. Men were married and went to church in the same costume, and were so overcome by the climate that they even got buried in shirt-sleeves. The New York police were served out palm-leaves as fans every morning. Australia is a greater stickler for convention. A Cabinet Minister in Queensland who proposed taking his seat on the Treasury Bench in bathing-costume was regarded by several members of the House as overstepping the limits of public decorum.

It is curious that the various Polar animals at the "Zoo" are little affected by hot weather, and reject with contempt and abuse any arctic arrangements made for them. They are far more injured by a popular holiday. The day after an orgie on buns, orange-peels, paper bags, and the other provisions which a holiday crowd supplies itself with, there are invariably signs of indigestion among the inmates of a "Zoo."

Statistics lately published show criminals to be much more active in hot weather. We are about twenty-five per cent. worse in summer than in winter. In fact, now that I come to think of it, the majority of the crimes I have committed have been perpetrated in warm weather. Sentences ought in common justice to be cut down by one-half in summer-time. Suicide, of course, is increased enormously by the heat, but, then, suicide is not necessarily a crime. It is often the highest benefit the suicide can confer on his nation. It is probably on this principle that he is generally fined ten-and-sixpence or seven days if he fails. In hot weather, however, gaol is said to be the coolest place of residence (except for those in-patients who are being treated with the "cat").

A connoisseur has just discovered the immense effect of the sun's heat on art, especially music. The massive introspective solidity of music "made in Germany" and the airy romance of that of the South of Italy are due to cold and hot weather respectively. I suppose, if Beethoven had been glassed in and sprayed with hot steam he would have written music-hall songs and comic-opera waltzes. Rossini educated among the Esquimaux would have published Psalm-tunes too depressing for the United Dutch Reformed Church of the Transvaal. Probably, if I had not been "raised" in fairly genial climes, I should have been capable of nothing but obese political articles of a thunderous tone of voice. I should have been as extraordinary a success as leader-writer on the *Times* as at—What am I saying? I mean, I should have overwhelmed Ministers with a single sentence. Lucky for invertebrate and unwieldy Governments (I mention no names) that I was not brought up on the cold-water cure system in a Spitzbergen monastery!—HILL ROWAN.

DEER-FORESTS AND DEER-STALKERS.

FAMOUS FORESTS AND THEIR PRESENT TENANTS.

DEER-STALKING is more eagerly sought after year by year, and as the deer-forests of Scotland cannot possibly increase with the demand for them, prices rise with each succeeding season and the longest purse secures the best forest in open markets. The number of Scotch deer-forests is estimated at about one hundred and fifty, and they yield in a very good year close upon five thousand stags. Without considering the western islands of Arran and Jura, the nearest forest to England is the famous forest of Glenartney, extending over more than twenty thousand acres of Perthshire, and belonging to

THE EARL OF ANCASTER,

whose splendid home, Drummond Castle, is close at hand. The Earl does not let Glenartney, and the nearest forest lies to the north at Drummond Hill, belonging to the Marquis of Breadalbane, who owns so many sporting estates and shoots this one himself. Then, in Argyllshire, Aberdeen, Inverness, Ross and Cromarty, and Sutherlandshire, the deer-forests stretch for miles, showing the finest scenery in the British Isles, affording the best sport, and commanding prices that have raised some of the landlords of Scotland from comparative poverty to great wealth. To-day, three, four, and even five thousand pounds are paid by very wealthy sportsmen for a season's rent of a deer-forest, and good judges say that prices will go higher still.

KING EDWARD FAVOURS ABERDEENSHIRE,

where his shootings of Balmoral, Ballochbuie, and Abergeldie extend over fifty thousand acres and yield good deer. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon has many shootings in this county, and another big land-owner is Mr. Alexander Haldane Farquharson, who owns, among many places, the great forest of Invercauld, which is let to Messrs. Neumann at a rent of five thousand pounds. Another vast deer-forest which has fetched an enormous rent is that of Glen-Tana, which belonged to the late Sir William Cunliffe Brooks and has been let for the season to Mr. George Coats.

THE DUKE OF FIFE

shoots his forest of Mar in this county, and Sir Allan Mackenzie will shoot his own forest of Glenmuick.

From the Royal shire one turns to Inverness, which claims some of the best deer-forests in Scotland.

LORD LOVAT,

the Dowager Countess of Seafield, Lord Macdonald, and The Mackintosh own some of the best sporting estates. Lord Lovat's include the Braulen Deer-Forest, the forest of Farley, and the forest of Glendoe, the last-named being let to the Earl of Durham; Morar Struig and Urchany are among his other forests in the same county. Lord Lovat is a keen sportsman of great experience, and enlisted some of his keepers and foresters last year to form the corps known as Lovat's Scouts, whose services in South Africa won high praise.

THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD

owns the great deer-forest of Balmacaan, let for this season to Mr. Bradley Martin; the Abernethy Forest, let to the Countess of Stamford; Kevach and Cromdale, let to Mr. Jardine, and other shooting estates that do not include forest. Sir Samuel Scott, of banking fame, has two deer-forests, one, Ardvourlie, and the other, Amhuinnuidh, both in the Island of Harris, and reckoned second to none in Scotland. Other men renting deer-forests in Inverness-shire this season are

EARL CADOGAN, LORD TWEEDMOUTH, LORD DURHAM,

Baron Schröder, the Marquis of Zetland, Lord Burton, Mr. George Cooper, and The Mackintosh.

In Perthshire the Duke of Atholl shoots part of his splendid forest and the Earl of Dudley shoots the rest. His Grace's forest of Fealar is let to Mr. Nigel Gurney, and the forest of Glenbruar to Mr. Jardine. Ross and Cromarty deer-forests are well let this season, though many owners of forests are shooting their own. Baron Schröder has the Attadale Forest, and Mr. Sydney Loder the forest of Corriemulzie, belonging to Mr. Ewing Gilmour, as well as the Countess of Cromartie's forest near Ullapool. Captain Quintin Dick has the Benula Forest, near Beaully, and Mr. Christie rents the Deanich Forest from Sir Charles Ross. Mr. Sydney Platt rents the Shieldaig Forest from Sir Kenneth Mackenzie. Mr. Arthur Grenfell rents Lochluichart Forest from Lady Ashburton, and the Fannich Forest adjoining from Mr. Mackenzie.

The forests of Sutherlandshire are for the most part owned by

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

(whose seat is Dunrobin Castle), Mr. Ewing Gilmour and Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Skibo Castle, near Dornoch, being the only other big owners of shooting in the county.

MANY OF THE GREAT DEER-FORESTS EXTEND OVER THIRTY THOUSAND ACRES,

or even more, and a few are reckoned to yield a hundred stags in a season. For example, the forest of Fisherfield and Letterewe, in Ross-shire, let for the season to the Hon. Thomas Brassey, extends over nearly fifty thousand acres, and has been known to yield over one hundred stags. Invercauld has over twenty thousand acres; Glencanisp, in Sutherlandshire, more than thirty thousand, and Glen-Tana more than twenty thousand. The Braemore Forest of Ross-shire, belonging to Sir John Fowler, has between forty and fifty thousand acres, yielding over fifty stags in a good year.

DEER IN BONNIE SCOTLAND.



THE CAIRNGORM MOUNTAINS, FROM GLENMORE.



STAG FROM FOREST OF GLEN ETIVE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. W. WILSON, ABERDEEN.

A COSMOPOLITAN MANAGER.

MR. MARCUS M. MAYER.

An Anecdote of the "Divine Sarah"—Mrs. Langtry Philosophical—Sir Henry Irving's Zeal—Patti's Even Temper—After Benson—The Swindle Brought Home to Him.

SITTING in the luncheon gallery of the Hôtel Cecil is a handsome, grey-haired man of about fifty, whose piercing eyes note everything and everybody, from the latest arrival at one of the little tables to a tug-boat beating up against the tide. This is Mr. Mayer, the most travelled of any theatrical Manager in the world, who has controlled the fortunes of Ada Isaacs Menken, Charles Kean and Ellen Tree, Adelaide Neilson, Laurence Barrett, Fanny Davenport, Rose Eytinge, Edwin Booth, Sarasate, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin, Christine Nilsson, Albani, Mrs. Langtry, Josef Hofmann, Mary Anderson, Jane Hading, and Adelina Patti, and who is taking "The Messenger Boy" from the Gaiety for production in the United States. Marcus Mayer is a native of New Orleans, and began his journeys when a tiny boy, crossing Central America with his parents to the Pacific Slope. Where he has not been it would be hard to state.



MR. MARCUS M. MAYER.

Naturally, Mr. Mayer is full of anecdotes—indeed, he is preparing a volume of reminiscences, which is sure to be most entertaining, for the Manager is a capital raconteur. He tells, for instance, how, on two occasions, the

WHIMSICAL NATURE OF SARAH BERNHARDT

caused the curtain to be unexpectedly rung down. The first time it was at Philadelphia, where "Camille" was the play, and, as Marie Colombier did not appear, being detained by a severe snowstorm, Madame Bernhardt ordered the money to be returned to the audience, announced "Phèdre" for the next night, and fined the peccant Marie a thousand francs. It is said that this was the beginning of the quarrel between the two ladies which culminated in Madame Colombier issuing "Sarah Barnum"—a work of very bad taste and tone.

The second ringing-down of the curtain also occurred at Philadelphia. In the middle of the first Act of "Frou-Frou," the "Divine Sarah" deliberately walked up to the stage-manager at the Chestnut Street Theatre and said, "It is too cold to act. I am shivering. Ring down the curtain; give them back their money. I am going to the hotel to get into bed." There was nothing for it but to comply with the actress's behest, but, says Mr. Mayer, "the language round about the theatre that night was not church-like."

MRS. LANGTRY,

on the contrary, was always philosophical. On the very evening that she was to make her first appearance at the Park Theatre of New York, the playhouse caught fire and was gutted. Mrs. Langtry watched the blaze from her hotel, immediately opposite. Mr. Mayer rushed up to break the sad news, and said, "Bad luck, isn't it? All our scenery and all your beautiful dresses!"

"No," replied the "Jersey Lily," "good luck! I was just thinking how lucky I was not to be in one of those beautiful dresses! Come and have some supper—I'm as hungry as a bear!"

MR. MAYER ASCRIBES SIR HENRY IRVING'S ILLNESS IN 1898

entirely to his persistence in superintending the stage-management for the morrow after being heated with the performance. He would sometimes try the effect of calcium—that is, limelight—up to four in the morning, and then call another rehearsal at eleven. "Acting," he once remarked to Mr. Mayer, "is an Art, not a money-making, commercial affair." Of all the great "stars" with whom Mr. Mayer has been associated, he considers

MADAME PATTI AS THE MOST EVEN-TEMPERED

and of the most consistent kindness. She was always giving help to the destitute in a quiet, unostentatious way. "I remember on one occasion," said the Manager, "a poor woman came to her and told her such a pathetic tale of her misfortunes that the Diva burst into tears and continued crying for over an hour. So upset was she that she was unable to appear at an afternoon concert. We dismissed the audience, telling them that Madame was suffering from sore throat, but, as a matter of fact, her throat was so swollen by the effect of her

grief that she had lost her voice." It was in 1886, in connection with the Patti tour, that Mr. Mayer

RAN DOWN BENSON,

the notorious author of the Turf frauds. On release from prison, Benson crossed the Atlantic, representing himself as the Correspondent of several well-known London newspapers, and, hearing that a Press-boat was down the bay to meet Madame Patti, he applied to Mr. Mayer for a ticket. The Manager, however, smelt a rat, and declined. However, when the steamer started, lo and behold the ex-convict was on board! It appeared that he had called on Mr. Henry Abbey and got a ticket from him. When the tug-boat got alongside the liner, the captain ordered the smaller vessel round to the starboard. But, before this could be done, Benson had leaped into the chains and clambered on to the deck. When the rest of the party followed, they found Benson doing the honours of the welcome to Madame Patti. He also got an order from Mr. Abbey for the first performance, and, naturally, found his way to the stage. It was this order which caused all the subsequent trouble. Mr. Abbey wrote it himself, and signed it. Benson immediately made capital of it. He knew that the Patti troupe were going to Mexico, so,

HAVING COPIED MR. ABBEY'S SIGNATURE

on numerous bundles of tickets, he departed for "the Land of the Greaser," and, announcing himself as agent-in-advance and Marcus Mayer's brother, in a very short time he had sold tickets to the tune of twenty-six thousand dollars. The news of these transactions reached Mr. Mayer at Chicago, and off he sped to Mexico; but the quarry had fled after refusing to take President Diaz's cheque for a couple of boxes. The place was in an uproar, those who had bought the tickets still asserting that Benson was Mr. Mayer's brother, and it was only by enlisting the highest officials in the cause that tumults did not occur. There were four concerts, and the takings amounted to

OVER THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD.

On his return from South America, Mr. Mayer continued his hunt after Benson, and, after much difficulty, found him and had him arrested in New York, but, as the crime had been committed in Mexico, the Manager had to go back there for proofs. On his way from the frontier to the capital, Mr. Mayer was arrested no less than five times at the instance of the cheated ticket-holders, who still asserted that he was Benson's accomplice. Finally, however, he got his witnesses, and then the United States authorities resolved to extradite Benson to Mexico.

BENSON WAS THEN IN THE TOMBS PRISON,

and directly he heard that he was to be given up to the Mexicans he broke away from his guards, ran up an iron staircase, and threw himself off the top into the courtyard below, where he was picked up dead.—H. B.



THE "COLUMBIA" CLOSE-HAULED ON A PORT TACK.

CAPTAIN SYCAMORE IS OF OPINION THAT THIS FAMOUS AMERICAN YACHT IS BETTER THAN THE "CONSTITUTION," AND SHOULD BE SELECTED TO DEFEND THE CUP AGAINST "SHAMROCK II."

Photo by Burton, New York.

SUSIE RAYMONDE, A CLEVER YOUNG MUSIC-HALL ARTISTE.

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I SHOULD say that more review copies of "The Eternal City" were distributed than of any popular novel of recent years.

It is said that more than four hundred contributors have been at work for three years preparing the great Jewish Encyclopædia, of which the first volume has just been published. Before distributing the work, the Editors printed a volume containing twenty-five thousand titles of subjects, with a short summary of each and indications of the treatment required. The undertaking promises to be a great financial success.

Mr. John Bloundelle Burton has written a novel on the French Revolution, to which he has given the happy title, "The Year One."

It is rumoured that Mr. George Moore is now engaged on a condensed edition of "Evelyn Innes" and the sequel, "Sister Teresa," in one volume.

Dr. William Barry is in Italy completing his great work on the Papal Monarchy from Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII., which Mr. Fisher Unwin will issue this winter.

Preparations are already being made on a large scale to celebrate the centenary of Schiller's death in 1905. A representative Committee has been formed at Leipzig, and the Commemoration promises to be a great national festival.

Professor Wyckoff, whose two volumes on American workers—in the East and West—have attracted considerable attention in this country, has collected a further series of his strange experiences, under the title "A Day with a Tramp, and Other Days."

"The Tribulations of a Princess," which is shortly to be published in this country and which is already being eagerly discussed in America, is announced by the publishers as the work of the anonymous author of that strange book, "The Martyrdom of an Empress." That alone is enough to draw attention to the book, but a well-known American lady journalist is enlivening the dead season by attempting to prove that such a statement is absurd. "Each book," she writes, "is as different as it can be, each bears the mark of a different style of writing, a different sort of mind at work. Think of the dignity, the sweetness, the measured reserve of the former, and contrast its distinguishing qualities with the romantic egotism, the piquancy and exuberance of emotion, the unreserved confidences and sensational revelations of the latter. Take any page almost in 'The Martyrdom of an Empress' and lay it beside a page from 'The Tribulations of a Princess,' and the deadly parallel will show how dissimilar is the style of each writer. Can it be that the claim of anonymous authorship for these two works is justified by a common Editor for both, and that the Memoirs themselves came from different hands?"

It is a nice question, and I await the volume with considerable interest. But is it not quite possible that the autobiography may have been written many years ago, before the publication of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" brought the author into prominence? The authorship of that book is no secret now, and it is known that the writer had a romantic career before she settled down in America.

In this connection there is a distinctly amusing skit in the *New York Times*, entitled "The Long-Expected Confessions from the Anonymous Literary League," which League is "jointly and collectively the authors of the works of 'Fiona Macleod,' 'Elizabeth and her German Garden,' 'An Englishwoman's Love-Letters,' 'The Martyrdom of an Empress,' and 'The Tribulations of a Princess,' as well as numerous no less important though perhaps less celebrated works, purporting to be from the pens of Andrew Lang, S. R. Crockett, J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Mark Twain, and others, who have had no existence outside the brains of our talented and versatile staff." Here are one or two extracts from the "Confessions"—

Who Fiona Macleod was remained for years a mystery, even to her publishers, and the truth is, indeed, now for the first time published. We adopted in this case a plan which greatly accentuated the public interest in the work, and which we have found it profitable to follow in other cases—namely, we circulated broadcast a great variety of contradictory rumours regarding the assumed lady's identity. People who had never previously heard of Fiona Macleod and had no idea of what she was guilty showed as much interest in finding her out as if she were a new kind of fifteen puzzle. . . .

A number of subsequent adventures in anonymity were scarcely so successful, but we made a great hit with what we called our "Evasive Eliza Series"—in other words, the books of the "Elizabeth and her German Garden" character. The directors had long seen an opening for a garden book which would not convey so much sordid information, and would throw a sentimental veil, so to speak, over the unpleasant necessity for slug-hunting, weeding, and keeping the gardener sober. To this end our Mr. Simpson (who had some horticultural experience with a small plot of ground in his back-yard) organised the Garden Department, and early in the spring of 1899 "Elizabeth and her German Garden" came forth, to be met with the rapturous acclamations of the critics, who to this day have failed to discover that a knowledge of all the practical gardening in that volume and its successors from the same department could be acquired with the simple aid of a three-foot window flower-box and some back numbers of the *Amateur Gardener* and *Country Life*.

You may remember that scores of contradictory rumours got abroad with regard to the authorship of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," and that several titled ladies were credited with having written the book. All the paragraphs, I need scarcely say, emanated from our Publicity Department, which up till now has been under the superintendence of a clever young Scotch-American, who received his preliminary training from the late Mr. P. T. Barnum and finished his education with a firm of religious publishers.

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BOOKS AND JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

THE books most in demand during the past August have been guide-books and cheque-books, especially the latter, when there has been a good balance at the bankers'. The month has been almost barren of any literature except fiction. London would be, comparatively speaking, empty were it not for our cousins from across the Atlantic. The steady yearly increase in the number of Americans who visit our shores is most gratifying, for many of them not only come for a holiday tour, but are

GOOD CUSTOMERS TO THE BOOKSELLERS,

and with the publishers and bookbinders their business arrangements are frequently numerous and extensive. For visitors to the seaside who wish to combine recreative instruction with enjoyment, no better companion could be found than

"OUR COUNTRY'S SHELLS," BY W. J. GORDON (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.).

This is a complete guide to British Mollusca, with coloured illustrations of over six hundred different specimens. The book supplies the local popular name as well as the scientific, how to identify the shells, their order, genera, and species; it is well suited for the holiday-maker or the student in Crustacea. For those taking an inland holiday,

"FAMILIAR BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS," BY W. F. KIRBY (CASSELL AND CO.).

will be found most entertaining. It is a popular account of some of the best-known British, with a few specimens of European butterflies included. The work contains some valuable information upon collecting, and also the seasons during which the various specimens may be found, and, although there is much room for improvement in the colours of some of the plates, yet the book is prettily got up and will make a useful present or school-prize.

The great feature in the world of fiction has been the publication of

MR. HALL CAINE'S NOVEL, "THE ETERNAL CITY,"

which was noticed in *The Sketch* of last week. By its issue, its publisher, Mr. W. Heinemann, has undoubtedly scored a success, for not only were orders secured for some *seventy thousand copies before publication*, but his arrangements were so complete that the whole of this number was delivered to the different booksellers ready for sale upon the day of publication, and the total demand ran up to one hundred and twenty thousand copies—a result, I believe, without precedent. The final draft of the work was commenced in September of last year, and the manuscript completed only within the last few weeks, so that its prompt publication is a subject for congratulation all round.

Among other popular works of fiction the following will be found of interest—

"ALICE OF OLD VINCENNES," BY M. THOMPSON (CASSELL AND CO.),

to which is attached rather a melancholy incident, the author dying before he knew of the great success his book had obtained, two hundred thousand having been sold in America. It is an old-world story of Indian life and war and is full of exciting incidents. It is a subject of great regret that a writer so full of promise should have joined the majority so young. Everyone who has seen, and who has not, the fascinating impersonation of Nell Gwyn by Miss Julia Neilson will be delighted to read the story of Nell's life in prose from the same pen as the drama. The book is entitled

"MISTRESS NELL," BY G. C. HAZELTON (JOHN MURRAY).

It is a merry tale of a merry time, and leaves Nell in the full enjoyment of her happiness and popularity. "The King ecstatically throws both arms passionately about her, saying, 'You are Charles's Queen; you shall be England's.'" With this the book ends.

"THE EXTERMINATION OF LOVE," BY E. GERARD (W. BLACKWOOD AND SONS),

is an amusing and clever book. The hero has convinced himself, and he wishes to convince society generally, that the only way to happiness is by the extermination of the passion called love. Much logic and argument are expended on this theory, but the hero at last is found to be suffering from a tumour on the brain, which explains all; the book, however, is worth reading.

"AN UNCONGENIAL MARRIAGE," BY C. CLARKE (F. V. WHITE),

is a modern story dealing with the problems of life and its possibilities. All comes right in the end. The book is more readable than many of the novels now being issued. A daintily produced novel is

"AN EPISODE ON A DESERT ISLAND," BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS MOLLY" (JOHN MURRAY).

The heroine is wrecked on an island with one John Elton, to whom in her distress she promises marriage. He does not, however, come up to her ideal lover, to whom she writes a series of imaginary letters. After being rescued, however, she recalls her promise, but, from her letters, her heart remains unsatisfied.

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MISS ESMÉ BERINGER IN HER PIQUANT FENCING "TURN,"

WHICH IS DUE ON SEPT. 9 AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



MISS ANNETTE FENGLER.

Miss Annette Fengler is a young American artiste who has recently appeared with success at the London Music Halls. Her songs, "I'd leave my happy home for you!" "The Rainbow Coon," "Ma Tiger Lily," and "My Butterfly" are well known. Miss Fengler has a very remarkable voice, and has recently prepared a new feature for her repertoire, namely, the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." This should have been given for the first time on the August Bank Holiday at the Metropolitan and Pavilion, but must now await her return from her Swiss holiday. This Photograph is by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



LADY ARTIST: Since we have been married, I have been trying to cultivate my husband's taste to love the beautiful and ignore the unattractive.

HER DEAR FRIEND: Do you think you're wise?



II.—MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AND MRS. H. B. IRVING.

"I F I may interrupt you for one moment, Miss Baird, I should like to ask a rather pertinent question."

"You really mean 'pertinent'—without the 'im'?"

I bowed stiffly. The lady laughed.

"Please don't be offended. What is the question?"

"Do you consider that a stage career is calculated to interfere with the happiness of the home?"

"Well," Mrs. Irving replied thoughtfully, "that is certainly a pertinent question, and a leading one also. I can only answer it, of course, out of my own experience, and therefore it will be in the negative. You see, I am a very domestic sort of person. I am just as happy off the stage as on it, and my home is undoubtedly the first thing in my life."

"But when you are acting," I persisted, "surely the excitement, the whirl of the thing, carries you away and makes domesticity seem rather dull in comparison?"

"Not a bit of it!" said Mrs. Irving. "I am sorry to have to convince you against your will."

"Oh, fie!" said I, waving my hat at nothing in particular.

"—But the fact remains that I am never excited about my work—except on the first night."

"Then one may take it that you have completely recovered from the bad attack of stage-fever that was on you just about the *'Trilby'* time?"

"Completely! I don't play, you must understand, just for the sake of being in the theatre. In the first place, I must have a part that I think will suit me. I have already refused several parts this year because they were too much of the weep-through-three-acts-and-cheer-up-in-the-fourth sort of order. Now, I'm not a weepy person by nature."

"Heaven forbid!" said I. (It's a favourite expression of mine.)

"Of course I'm not!" said Mrs. Irving. "I feel just as jolly at the present moment as—well, as it's possible to feel when one is being cross-examined and counter-questioned like a witness in a breach-of-promise case."

"Don't kick," I pleaded. "You haven't told me your second reason for acting yet."

"Oh, well!" said the lady, "in the second place, I act for money."

I raised my eyebrows. Mrs. Irving regarded them with a smile.

"Don't pretend to be surprised," she said. "I know exactly how many shillings there are in a sovereign, and I always get Harry to see if my cheque is right before I cash it."

"Who would have thought it?" I murmured, gazing at a portrait of "H. B." that looked at me solemnly from the centre of a silver frame.

"And does he know?"

"Well, we manage to work it out between us. That's one of the advantages of being married to a man in the same profession."

"Ah!" I gasped, with a sudden gleam of journalistic intelligence. "Then you think that theatrical people should marry in the profession?"

"Of course! Suppose, for example, I happened to be married to a stockbroker."

"Heaven——!"

"Quite so!" the lady anticipated. "And for several reasons. When he came home, for instance, after working all day, I should be going off to the theatre. If he came to the theatre, he would see some nicely made-up youth making love to me on the stage, and, not understanding the business, might get annoyed."

"Whereas, now——"

"Whereas, now we each do our work, and do it as well as we can, and the rest of the time we behave like ordinary unromantic mortals."

"Ye—es," I interposed, wagging my head sagely; "that's all very well when you're famous and your position is assured. But suppose, for a moment, that you hadn't sufficient scope for the exercise of your artistic temperament—what then?"

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Irving, "I'm a very bad subject for your romantic pen. To tell you the honest truth, I believe I could enjoy my life perfectly well if I never acted again at all."

"I shan't put that down," said I, "because I don't believe it."

"All the same, it's true. I don't mean, of course, that I don't like the stage or that I don't like acting. I love playing a really good part, such as *Rosalind*, for example."

"There you go, you see."

"I fully admit it," said Miss Baird. "I'm awfully fond of Shaksperian comedy. I revel in a big scene that you've got to play for all it's worth, and when you've got the sort of part that you can—well, get your teeth into!"

It was my turn to smile tolerantly now. I did so, rather clumsily.

"All right," said Miss Baird, noticing my contortions; "I don't mind your grinning; but, if you think I'm inconsistent, I'm not!"

"Then that settles it," said I. "Of course it settles it! I say again that a theatrical career is by no means absolutely necessary to my happiness. Why, if it was, I should have eaten my heart out during the last six or eight months."

"But you might have had the 'weepy' parts," I reminded her.

"Oh, yes! but I preferred to stay at home and play to the boy."

"And what sort of parts," I asked, "does Irving Tertius affect?"

"Well, just at present he refuses to appear except in military uniform and armed with a rifle. I suppose khaki fever will be the fashionable childish ailment for some time to come."

"But surely you won't allow all that inherited talent to spend itself on mere garrison theatricals?"

"We shall see," said Mrs. Irving, gazing at the early portrait of her son and heir that adorned the fireplace. "In any case, we shan't force him. He will have to decide on a profession for himself. In the meantime, he's a wonderful mimic and reciter. I think I enjoy his one-man shows as much as any I have ever heard."

"Wonderful!" I breathed. And just then the youngest of the three distinguished Harrys made a most effective entrance from the O. P. side and fairly acted me off the stage.



Irving Tertius.

MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD (MRS. H. B. IRVING) IN HER BOUDOIR.

"YOU SEE, I AM A VERY DOMESTIC SORT OF PERSON."

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.



THE "SCORCHER" SCORCHED.

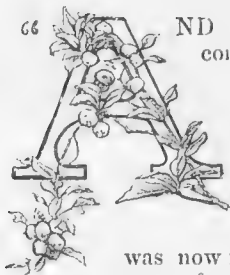
"IS MY MACHINE ALL RIGHT?"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"THE HAPPY ENDING."

BY HORACE WYNDHAM.

I.



AND so, Mr. Mortimer, divested of all its flowery compliments, your letter means that you're not going to accept my story, does it?" observed Muriel Elliott reproachfully.

The Editor of the *Empire Magazine* fidgeted uneasily in his chair. There were two things that he disliked exceedingly. One was having to give a direct answer, the other was being compelled to disappoint a pretty girl. As he was now required to do both of these things, he felt very uncomfortable indeed.

"My dear Miss Elliott," he commenced hesitatingly, "I'm really very sorry indeed, but—er—"

"Yes, I've no doubt you are," was the answer. "Still, you're not half so sorry as I am. Ah, Mr. Mortimer!" she went on in a different voice; "after all you'd said about wanting to help me, I did count on your accepting my story. I wish you'd tell me why you're declining it, though. Didn't you like it?"

"Oh, yes! I liked it very much indeed," returned the other hastily, seizing, as it appeared to him, the chance of appeasing his visitor's anger.

"You 'liked it very much indeed'?" she echoed wonderingly. "Then, Mr. Mortimer, why on earth did you send it back again? Surely you are the Editor of the *Empire Magazine*?"

"That's just it," he replied. "I'm the Editor of the *Empire Magazine*, and in that capacity I'm compelled to stifle the promptings of my philanthropic nature. You wouldn't believe that I was simply bubbling over with the milk of human kindness, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't!" answered the girl decisively.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Mortimer dramatically, "you don't know how you wrong me. I assure you," he continued, looking up with a smile into his visitor's troubled face, "there's more kindness to the square inch in my frame than there is in the bodies of all the other editorial staffs in London put together. Now, don't say 'humbug!' Miss Elliott; it's not a pretty expression for so charming a young lady as yourself to use."

"All right; I won't then," she answered, trying to smile, although she felt infinitely more like crying. "But you must prove your words, though."

"I'm going to," was the calm reply. "Now, look here, my young friend," he went on, taking up a manuscript from the pile of papers before him; "this is your story. You call it, I see, 'The Love that Lasts.' Now, that's not the very best title imaginable. Still, that scarcely matters; it's the treatment of your plot that I object to. You've worked it out in such a depressingly sad manner that it's quite useless for our pages. Readers of the *Empire* insist on having only lightness and brightness, or, at any rate, in all the stories having at least a 'happy ending.' Now, if you will take the manuscript away and re-write it so that it fulfils this necessary requirement, perhaps I might be able to use it later on."

"I see," returned the girl; "you want me to give 'The Love that Lasts' a 'happy ending,' do you, and then re-submit it?"

"Precisely."

"Well, Mr. Mortimer, I don't think I can do it."

"My dear Miss Elliott, I'm sure you can," returned the Editor. "Why, its very title is a misnomer if you don't. 'Love that Lasts' should always have a 'happy ending.'"

"It ought to, perhaps," answered the other slowly; "but it doesn't always, all the same."

"Then it isn't the genuine article," was the triumphant reply. "Never mind," he continued, "about writing a true story; just make up a light and cheerful one, and you'll find me quite ready to accept it."

"But the world is full of sad stories, Mr. Mortimer," protested the girl.

"Yes; and that's just why we don't want any of 'em in the pages of the *Empire Magazine*," was the answer.

II.

At eight o'clock on the evening of the day on which she had had her interview with the Editor of the *Empire Magazine*, Muriel Elliott sat down to try and give her rejected story the attraction suggested by Mr. Mortimer. Every attempt that she made, however, resulted in failure, and, after wasting the best part of an hour over it, she threw the manuscript aside in despair.

"How can Mr. Mortimer expect me to give a story like this a 'happy ending'?" she exclaimed tearfully, as she realised that her labour had been wasted. "The thing's absolutely impossible. Still, he couldn't have known the story was a true one," she reflected, "so I mustn't blame him."

"Whom do you blame, then, Muriel?" demanded her sister, looking up inquiringly, in order to detect the cause of the outburst. "I suppose you do allow yourself the feminine luxury of blaming someone?"

"Yes, I do, May; I blame Dick Hilton, of course—and I'll blame you, too, if you take his part against me!" she added.

"Don't distress yourself about me, dear," laughed the elder girl. "I've got quite enough troubles of my own to smooth over, without worrying about yours. All the same, I believe it's far more your fault than Dick's that there's this quarrel between you."

"Really, May! how can you say that?" demanded Muriel, indignantly. "If Dick—I mean, Mr. Hilton—isn't to blame, what does he keep away for?"

"Well, considering that you told him you never wished to see him any more, I don't see what else you could expect the poor man to do."

"Well, he ought to have known I didn't mean it—or, at any rate, he might have asked me again," she protested.

"Being merely a man, he hasn't been gifted by Providence with feminine perception," was the answer. "As a natural consequence, he doesn't understand that when a woman says 'no,' it's only a preliminary to saying 'yes' later on. He's a nice boy, though," she continued, "and I think you made a mistake to quarrel with him."

"It was all his fault, May. He let that horrid Barrington girl make violent love to him in public, when all the time he was engaged to me."

"My dear," returned the other quietly, "I wouldn't let that trouble me, if I were you. It couldn't really have been serious, either, because Edith Barrington was also engaged herself at the time, and was actually married three days after she met Dick."

"Really, May? How do you know?" cried Muriel eagerly. "I never heard of it."

"Well, on the day that you quarrelled with poor Dick, you went away for a month, if you remember, to occupy yourself with your writing, and never saw a newspaper all the time. It didn't occur to me to mention the matter when you returned to town. Surely Dick told you of it, though? Why, I remember his telling me that he wrote to you about it. Didn't you get it?"

"Yes, but I sent his letter back, May. I'd said I wouldn't have anything more to do with him, and so I returned it unopened."

"That was scarcely brilliant of you, dear," observed her sister, "considering the result."

"I don't care!" answered the other defiantly. "I don't care a bit!"

"H'm!" reflected the other, as she watched the tell-tale tears starting to the speaker's eyes. "You may say you don't care, but you'll never make me believe it."

III.

May Elliott was right in her conjecture. Her sister Muriel did care very much indeed about the silly quarrel that had had the effect of parting her from Dick Hilton. As the days went on, she cared still more, for, having now learned how groundless had been her fears for his fidelity to herself, she began to realise the extent of her loss.

From the outset, however, she had been too proud to take the first step towards a reconciliation, and so the breach between them had remained unbridged ever since. Nevertheless, in her heart of hearts the girl felt all the time that she would have given anything to have prevented the estrangement from having taken place. That Dick Hilton would have accepted his dismissal as final had never occurred to her. His action in doing so seemed incomprehensible. The very least he could have done, she told herself angrily, would have been to come back again at the end of a week and beg to be taken into favour once more.

So far, however, from sharing this view, Mr. Hilton had made no attempt whatever to induce her to extend her forgiveness to him. On the contrary, a couple of days after receiving his *congé*, he had gone abroad, leaving no address behind him, and had studiously remained out of her sight ever since. It is true that he had written to her before leaving England, but this letter, as has been mentioned, the girl had returned unopened. It was the recollection of her conduct in this matter that she reproached herself for more than anything else.

"If only I'd at least read it first, it wouldn't have been so bad," she told herself. "Dick will never forgive me, though, for having sent it back unopened. Of course, it serves me right, I suppose, but that doesn't make it any better!"

In the distress that her sister's unexpected revelation had occasioned her, the girl had almost entirely neglected the literary work that had hitherto absorbed so much of her time. It was quite useless, she soon realised by dint of trying, to do anything of the sort now, for, until her mind was at rest again, she felt quite unable to compose a line. Consequently, the story in which, under the title of "The Love that Lasts," she had attempted to relieve her feelings, on the discovery of her fiancé's supposed defection, remained unaltered. Her friend, Mr. Mortimer, had written to her once or twice about it, but even this incentive had failed to spur her to fresh efforts.

One afternoon, however, about three months from the date of her last interview with him, she suddenly met him in Fleet Street.

"Hullo, Miss Elliott!" he exclaimed genially; "why have you been avoiding me in this reprehensible fashion of late? The pages of the *Empire Magazine* are simply yawning for you. Haven't you managed to find a satisfactory conclusion for 'The Love that Lasts' yet? I've been keeping a space for it for the last three months, you know."



"TACT! TACT! A LITTLE BIT OF TACT!"—ADA REEVE.

HE: Yes, dear, I like your costume; but the price I paid for it was simply awful!
SHE: Freddy, dear! What do I care for money when it's a case of pleasing you?

"No, Mr. Mortimer," returned the girl wearily, "I haven't finished the story, and I'm not likely to either. I can't find the 'happy ending,' somehow."

"Dear me!" returned the Editor sympathetically, struck by the woe-begone face looking up to him; "that's bad—very bad indeed! Now, look here, my young friend," he added briskly, as a sudden thought struck him, "never mind the story just now. I've something else for you to do. There's a dress rehearsal at the Lyceum at half-past four this afternoon. I want you to go and write an article for me about it. Here's a ticket for a box. You will go? That's right. Good-bye!"

He watched her drive away in a hansom, to execute his commission, and then continued his journey.

"Poor little girl!" he murmured to himself as he walked along; "so she's like a good many other people in this world—can't find the 'happy ending.' What a pity she quarrelled with young Hilton, and what a much bigger pity it is—now that he's back in England—that he doesn't make it up with her! I wish I could bring them together again."

Suddenly an idea occurred to him. As it did so, he gave vent to such a peal of laughter that the passers-by turned round in surprise to

afternoon. When the performance was over, they had gone across to the Savoy for supper, and he had shared the hansom that took her back, tired but very happy, to South Kensington afterwards. What a long time ago it all seemed now! She wondered if she would ever be really happy again.

So occupied was she in her reflections that she did not hear a tap at the door behind her. Nor, when it opened, and an attendant ushered someone into the box, did she turn round. It was only through hearing, a moment later, a chair being moved beside her, that she became conscious that she was not alone. She looked round with a start at the discovery. As she did so she saw that the newcomer was a man. His face was turned from her, but, despite the gloom enveloping the box, she recognised, as she thought, something strangely familiar in the visitor's outline. A sudden impulse prompted her to touch his hand gently, and, scarce conscious of what she was doing, she leaned back for the purpose.

The man turned his head at the movement. A sudden light leaped into his eyes. Half-rising from his seat, he held out both his hands in welcome. "Muriel!" he cried. "So you *are* here, after all?"



LANDING A THAMES TROUT AT BOVENEY WEIR, NEAR WINDSOR.

see what could be amusing this middle-aged, good-humoured-looking gentleman who was walking so fast along the pavement.

"By Jove! I'll do it!" he exclaimed excitedly. "If I telephone at once, it will be in time."

IV.

As Muriel Elliott sat in the corner of her box, twenty minutes later, she thought that it was impossible to discover anything more depressing than to watch a rehearsal. The curtain was still down, and the dim gloom of the auditorium, coupled with the white coverings enveloping the balconies, made the interior appear positively ghostly. It was in vain that she told herself that at night everything would be changed to brilliance and bustle: the immediate emptiness and silence were realities of too concrete a nature to be thus summarily swept away. Down in the stalls below her, a dozen people, perhaps, were scattered about at intervals, talking in subdued whispers to one another. No one, however, was in any of the other boxes, so far as she could see, and an uncomfortable sense of loneliness oppressed her.

As she leaned back in the shadow of the curtains, the remembrance of the last occasion when she had been in the theatre recurred to her. It was only three months ago, she reflected. She had had a box—the very box she was in just now, she noticed with a start—for Irving in "Hamlet," and Dick Hilton had been one of the party occupying it with her. Every incident of that memorable evening came back to her with startling vividness; she seemed to be living it over again this

"Dick—Dick! Is it really you at last?" she answered. "Have you come back to me again?"

He leaned forward and kissed her by way of reply.

"But how did you know I was here?" she demanded a moment later.

"George Mortimer—bless him!—telephoned to me at the Club, half-an-hour ago, that it was most important that I should go to Box 'A' at the Lyceum this afternoon. He said I'd know why when I got there."

"And do you, dear?" she whispered softly.

His answer seemed to satisfy her, for at six o'clock the Editor of the *Empire Magazine* received the following telegram: "Can finish the story, after all. I have found the 'happy ending.'—MURIEL ELLIOTT."

THAMES TROUTING AT A WEIR.

The Thames trouting season has not been at all up to the average, owing probably to the long-continued cold weather in the early part of the season, which is mainly the time when the bulk of good fish are usually taken. Of course, a large proportion are caught later on—in barbel swims, which can be regarded only as an ignominious ending for such a grand fish. An angler's photograph of Boveney Weir, near Windsor, represents an ideal bit of Thames trouting water, and it generally holds as good a head of fish as any on the river—trout, barbel, and chub. Weir-fishing has a wonderfully exhilarating and soothing effect on those who practise it, something akin to the effect of sea-breezes on the overstrung and jaded nerves.

AT TATTERSALL'S.

WHETHER you mean buying or not, Tattersall's is always a delightful lounge, so long as you take an interest in horse-flesh. Mondays and Thursdays are the sale-days, and half-past eleven in the forenoon is the hour when Mr. Auctioneer ascends the rostrum.

You pass through a great, heavy gateway of rather dismal aspect, within a stone's-throw of Sloane Street, leaving behind you at the kerb a few natty-looking hansom, along with a group of horsey men, and, going straight down the yard, soon find yourself in a huge, lofty, rectangular hall with a glazed roof. This is where the sales are held. Away to the left, through a separate entrance, are the Subscription Rooms, famous in the annals of the book-betting world, where many a young man—aye! and an older one too—has come a cropper.

In the centre of the hall, beneath a cupola supported by four slender Grecian columns and crowned by the bust of a gentleman in a pigtail wig, stands a drinking-fountain, with a bronze fox squatting on the top and dolphins disporting themselves in playful wriggles on each of the four sides. Who on earth could have placed it there? Who ever heard of a horsey man quenching his thirst at the pump, I wonder, when he has a cellar round the corner?

Flanking the hall on the ground-floor are the momentary abodes of those units in the equine race whose vicissitudes of fortune have brought them to the hammer at this fashionable mart. Beautifully clean are they kept, and singularly free from that unpleasant effluvia not unfrequently associated with the horse's home. Encircling the stables is a paved way, serving to trot the cattle out, and allow possible purchasers to observe them picking up their feet at the best advantage. And here and there are secluded nooks, where gee-gee's medical man is able to put him through a searching examination unhampered by inquisitive onlookers.

In the hall is a small crowd, hanging about in groups, at the upper end, and gossiping in an undertone. Here you see the horsey man at his best. What a study in box-cloth overcoats, spindle-legs and gaiters, balloon-breeches and pot-hats, West of England tweeds and curious walking-sticks! And the serviceable double-soled boots! The habit of keeping a bit of straw between the lips, as a finishing touch to the dress of a man intimately connected with the stable, belongs to a past generation, but the blue silk tie with white spots is still as much the "go" as it was at the beginning of the century.

The auctioneer at his rostrum, with his clerk at his elbow, has made himself comfortable, out of the draught, bang up against the wall in the right-hand corner, at the further end of the hall. There is nothing horsey about him. He is a most meek-looking, sedate young man of thirty or so, but knowing a thing or two, for all that, rest

There is nothing horsey about the grisly groom who runs the nags up and down the alley, except that long riding-whip with the thong, which he is holding in his left fist, and uses ever and anon to artfully touch up the gee-gee he is grasping by the halter. A blue serge suit, with cap to match, and a pair of cricketing-shoes, form his attire, which evidently would be more in keeping with Lord's than it is with Tattersall's.

But list the auctioneer. He is selling a great big brute of a beast, a sort of dun-coated chestnut with a Roman nose, who was floundering all over the place, like a camel, until brought to a standstill before the

hammer, where he has the appearance of being stuffed with bran-mash. But, it seems, he is thoroughbred, despite his looks. This is something like what one hears proceeding from the rostrum, in a very clear voice, but low and unconcerned, as the articulation of an oracle of the ancients—

"This horse is not quite correctly described in the catalogue. He is Dragon-Fly, by Grasshopper out of Ladybird, is rising eight, stands seventeen-two, has been ridden regularly during the last three seasons with the Tickle-the-County Hounds, and is warranted sound. What shall we say for Dragon-Fly? Fifty guineas? Fifty guineas—Fifty—Fifty-one—Fifty-two—Fifty-three—Four—Fifty-four—Fifty-five—Fifty-five guineas! Fifty-six! Fifty-six guineas! Give him another run!"

The man in the blue serge suit wheels Dragon-Fly round, with a warning to the onlookers to stand a little back, and trots him down to the bottom and up again, with the accompaniment of several sly switches from the whip, whilst a younger groom manages to get a gentle flick at him on his return journey, just to make him pull himself together. He performs one or two such trips, with his knowing old eye wildly on the alert to try and find out where the fillips are coming from, and, after a few other bids have been recorded, Dragon-Fly changes hands at a good many more guineas than I, for one, should care to give for him.

EDWARD VIZETELLY.



THE RACING-ALLEY, TATTERSALL'S.

THE "LOYAL KINGDOM OF UGANDA."

It is not so long ago that Uganda was looked upon as a strange and little-known country, rivalling in this respect the then almost fabulous region of Timbuctoo. Now, such is the rapid opening-up of the Dark Continent that both countries form part of the Colonial Empires of great European nations. Still, it is somewhat astonishing to read in Sir Harry Johnston's report to the Foreign Office that a splendid recruiting ground is open to the British Empire in parts of the Nile Province, and particularly in the "loyal kingdom of Uganda." From other sources come unstinted praise of the physique and intelligence of these new "British" recruits, and of the good feeling existing between them and their officers. Accustomed to the somewhat



THE AUCTION-ROOM, TATTERSALL'S.



AN AUCTION AT TATTERSALL'S.

assured. Facing the rostrum is an alley, only a few feet broad, shut in by the blank wall on one side, and edged by human figures craning their necks on the other. These are the buyers. Most of them look more like linen-draper than the horse-dealers that they are. They cluster thick near the rostrum and gradually taper off, like the tail of a terrier.

peculiar methods of their own chiefs, the treatment accorded to the Indian soldiers by their officers was something of an eye-opener to the natives, so that the Uganda Rifles, the one battalion already in existence, is likely soon to be augmented by other "fighting units that would be hard to beat."

DUBLIN'S "DAUGHTER OF ERIN."

SEEING that a certain popular daughter of Dublin had written a new Hibernian comedy, entitled "A Daughter of Erin," and that the first-named daughter is a great-granddaughter of the late clever poet and novelist, Sheridan Le Fanu, and, above all, a great-great-granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, it was only natural that



MISS LE FANU ROBERTSON,

AUTHOR OF THE NEW IRISH COMEDY, "A DAUGHTER OF ERIN," PRODUCED LAST MONDAY WEEK AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.

the undersigned playgoing enthusiast should proceed to Dublin Bay without delay by the London and North-Western's fine service.

Reserving for next week's *Sketch* an account of my experiences in Dublin, I may at once state that "A Daughter of Erin," by Miss Le Fanu Robertson, was greeted with a typical Irish (meaning warm) welcome. It should also be chronicled as a proof of the interest displayed in Sheridan's great-great-granddaughter's first play—or rather, first "produced" play—that I found all the Nobility and Gentry of Good Old Dublin and its environs "assisting" at the first performance of the piece a few nights ago. Among these "assistants" were Lord Dufferin and Ava, Lord Monck, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland (Lord Ashbourne), the Earl of Meath, Viscount Powerscourt, Mrs. Rowan-Hamilton, Lord and Lady Iveagh, and many others of equal note were to be seen in the house.

Touching the play, "A Daughter of Erin," it may be said that Sheridan's clever descendant has been influenced by her great-great-grandfather in two ways. In the first place, her play resembles "The Rivals" in certain episodes, plus a strong infusion of the Young Marlowe and Kate Hardcastle scenes, written by another distinguished Hibernian, Oliver Goldsmith to wit. In the second place, Miss Le Fanu Robertson writes in an easy, epigrammatic style, and shows (also like Sheridan) more originality in her dialogue than in her situations. Her heroine, Mona, on the other hand, might almost be described as an Irish Lady Babbie. Indeed, "A Daughter of Erin" (the title, by-the-by, of a previous drama by Mr. W. J. Patmore) resembles "The Little Minister" in more ways than one.

When all is said and done, however, it has to be confessed that Mona is a bewitching little damsel, full of that roguish humour and fascinating emotion that are so conspicuous in her compatriots and around her. This most promising feminine playwright has written some excellent love-passages, now gay, now grave. Mona, however, is no moper. Whether she be striving to evade the young aristocrat matrimonially intended for her (and, of course, falling in love with him *en route* without knowing it), or whether she may be now, as a fashionable young Dublin lady,

giving her prim chaperon grounds for great uneasiness (as the aforesaid Sheridan would put it), or disguising herself (like Mrs. Hardcastle) as a humble barnmaid, or arranging for a foolishly romantic young wife to elope with her own husband, &c., &c., this droll little daughter of Erin is a delightful creature. She was delightfully impersonated by that beautiful young Irish lady,

MRS. FREDERICK MOUILLOT,

whose portraits in her artistic impersonations of Miss Hobbs and Madame Butterfly appeared some time ago in *The Sketch*. Mrs. Mouillot's impersonation of Mona in this brilliantly written if not too original play will doubtless soon be familiar to London playgoers, as well as to those around the provinces. The character will, I doubt not, become especially popular with playgoers of the sweet sex, for the merry and often mischievous Mona has many a telling line to deliver concerning ladies' attire—lines quite as applicable to the "confections" of the early part of the twentieth century as they are to those of the latter part of the eighteenth, which is the period of this play. For example, Mona has pronounced views on pink, gives satisfying reasons for her shuddering dislike of mouse-coloured poplin, and lays it down as an axiom that, whenever a lady is in doubt as to which colour to wear, maize is the best thing to go on with.

In addition to Mrs. Mouillot's impersonation, much of the acting was of high merit, especially that of Mr. T. B. Thalberg as the pretendedly poor rich young man, whom Mona had arranged to hate on sight, but found she had been loving all the while. Mrs. Glenville, as a wild Irish shebeen-keeper; Mr. David James, as Erin's daughter's father, Lord Dunshannon; and Mr. J. A. Warden, as an Irish servant—more of the Boucicault than the Sheridan type; Miss Mabel Beardsley, as the beautiful but brainless, romantic wife, all deserve a word of praise—or rather, several.

In short, "A Daughter of Erin" contains so many diverting situations and equivokes and is so ingenious in its last two Acts that Mr. Mouillot, who had staged the play beautifully, will doubtless, after some slight revision, send it at once around the fourteen theatres of which he is lessee—or part lessee—including the Broadway, New Cross; the Opera House, Crouch End; the Brixton; the Belfast, Bournemouth, and Dublin Theatres Royal. "A Daughter of Erin" was received with rapture by the audience, which was as responsive and sympathetic as it was numerous and distinguished.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

Another English composer is to be honoured in Germany. Dr. Elgar's splendid choral work, "The Dream of Gerontius," is to be performed on Dec. 19 at Düsseldorf. It was first heard at last year's Birmingham Festival.



ACT III. OF "A DAUGHTER OF ERIN": THE EXTERIOR OF SHAMROCK INN.

From Photographs by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

LONDON'S AUTUMN DRAMATIC SEASON.

THERE was a notable gathering of the playgoing clans in Mrs. Langtry's beautiful Imperial Theatre on Wednesday last. From one of the handsome canopied private boxes the pretty wife of Mr. Herbert Waring beamed encouragement on her husband's first managerial effort on his own account. The first Trilby in our affections, Dorothea Baird, was among the stallites—naturally most deeply interested in Mr. H. B. Irving's strong embodiment of the character of the peccant Colonel Pangdon. In the same part of the house, interspersed between serried lines of critics, were the sprightly prima donna of Comic Opera who now charms us in Comedy, Miss Marie Tempest, and her husband, Mr. Cosmo Stuart, with his co-adaptor of "Vanity Fair," Mr. R. H. Hichens; Mr. Lewis Waller and his brilliant leading lady, Miss Lily Hanbury; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lyons, fresh from Ostend; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collins and Mr. Cecil Raleigh, seeking relaxation from Drury Lane rehearsals; Mr. Fernandez, and Mr. George Edwards, who designed the military uniforms for the new piece, with his fair young wife, and George Spencer of the same name, most incisive and independent of theatrical reviewers.

"A MAN OF HIS WORD."

the new play which drew us to the Imperial, has a Gaelic proverb for its motto, "There is no greater fraud than a promise unfulfilled," and the clever young author, Mr. Boyle Lawrence, has indubitably worked out his argument with distinct ability and stage-effect in the last two Acts, if he has not supplied sufficient light with the sombre shade in the first scene in a military camp on the North-West Frontier of India. The motive of the drama is the cowardice of Colonel Pangdon, who, saved in action by a young officer, subsequently shot, rides off on the latter's horse, leaving his re-cuer to meet his fate. The craven Colonel is himself wounded in his flight, and, staggering back to camp, falls into the arms of the self-sacrificing hero, Captain Meredith, to whom, in what he imagines are his last words, he confides the secret of his shameful cowardice, and then faints away. Dumfounded by the confession, Meredith does not, when accused by his Commanding Officer of leaving the ill-fated subaltern on the field, point out who is the real culprit. He is consequently deprived of his sword, placed under arrest, and virtually dismissed the Service by the verdict of the Court-Martial, a bare acquittal tantamount to "not proven."

It is under this stigma that Meredith is next met—in mufti this time—at his mother's flower-covered bungalow at Simla. There, matters are further complicated by his falling in love with the young lady, Miss Esther Davenant, who is pledged to Colonel Pangdon. Restored to health, and promoted in rank, Pangdon arrives as the newly appointed Commander of a fresh expedition to quell a native rising; and there is a rousing scene between the quondam coward and the man who is suffering for his baseness—an exceedingly powerfully written dialogue, in which Meredith appeals to the General's better nature to clear his character from aspersion, while Pangdon avows he dare not in the face of the bright prospect open to him. With considerable knowledge of stagecraft, the author brings the curtain down upon Meredith's learnings, at the very moment he expects to hear the General clear him before Miss Davenant, that she has just engaged herself to Pangdon. The prolonged applause that greeted this striking situation was repeated at the similarly effective close of the final Act, brought about by a jealous grass-widow in love with Meredith and furious at witnessing a love-passage between him and Miss Davenant, who responds to his fervent appeal by confessing her affection for him. Maddened by overhearing this avowal, the designing grass-widow denounces Meredith before Pangdon as having "betrayed" him—that is, with regard to Miss Davenant. Pangdon, imagining that she means Meredith has betrayed the secret of his cowardice, blurts out incoherent words of exculpation, and, by thus practically admitting his baseness before a cluster of brother officers, completely vindicates the honour of Meredith.

Mr. H. B. Irving's powerful acting as Colonel Pangdon irresistibly recalled the clear-cut style of his distinguished father, Sir Henry Irving, in his old melodramatic days at the St. James's and the defunct Queen's in Long Acre. His exemplary delivery, distinct as articulation should be, infused virile life into the play, and incited Mr. Waring to vie with him in clear elocution. There was nothing finer in "A Man of his Word" than their word-duel in the second Act, which really ensured the success of the piece. If Mrs. Cecil Raleigh for once overdid



MISS HILDA HANBURY,
NOW PLAYING IN "A MAN OF HIS WORD," AT THE
IMPERIAL THEATRE.

Photo by Langgier, Old Bond Street, W.

the part of the amorous grass-widow, abundant relief was forthcoming in the delightfully natural comedy of the bright newcomer, Miss Janet Alexander, whose love-passages with Mr. Benjamin Webster were full of welcome freshness, and in the earnestness and intelligence shown by Miss Hilda Rivers, who needs only a touch of sympathy and softness in her voice to render her wholly acceptable as Miss Davenant. Miss Hilda Hanbury, in the prime of her opulent beauty, Mr. Sam Sothern, Miss Pattie Bell, and Mr. George R. Foss should also be mentioned among those who took part in the excellent first performance of Mr. Boyle Lawrence's engrossing military piece, the scenic embellishments of which also merit praise. In fine, Mr. Waring's brief tenancy of Mrs. Langtry's lovely theatre began most promisingly.

"THE GIDDY GOAT," AT TERRY'S.

It would be impossible to find a greater contrast than that offered by Mr. Pinero's pure, idyllic Temple comedy of "Sweet Lavender," which was the first piece to achieve success at Terry's, and by Mr. Augustus M. Moore's English translation of M. Léon Gandillot's essentially Palais-Royal farce, which was presented by Mr. Yorke Stephens on the same stage, under the name of "The Giddy Goat," on Thursday night last. The French play is the very antipodes of the wholesome English piece, in which Mr. Edward Terry created a character, that of Dick Phenyl, which is recognised as one of the very best stage assumptions of the Victorian era. It is to the credit of Mr. James Welch, one of the most humorous of our young actors, with a power of individualising character given to few, that in the part of a Don Juan *malgré lui* he should have acquitted himself so well in a very hot-bed of riotous infidelity, which is warm in the opening Act in the provincial chemist's shop, where the unassuming Parisian, Ferdinand le Brun, without the slightest overtures on his part, is made love to by the chemist's buxom wife, Madame Bertinet, and is made eyes at by the inflammable maid-servant Brigitte; but reaches fever-heat in Ferdinand's Paris flat, wherein he is busily engaged in decorating it for his fair young boarding-school *fiancée* when his sanctum is invaded by one after the other of his embarrassing admirers from Beaugency, and matters are further complicated by the indiscretions of his forthcoming father-in-law, M. Fouragot, whose conjugal responsibilities had not prevented him from being a general lover. It will easily be realised how droll these ingenious developments would have been in the hands of Didier and Schley, who were the chief French exponents in London of these Palais-Royal types. If their consummate ease and naturalness were not reached by the representatives of "The Giddy Goat," Mr. James Welch merited commendation, as aforesaid, for his light and bright and wholly inoffensive acting as the misunderstood Ferdinand; Miss Fanny Brough for the artistic zeal she displayed in the repellent part of amorous Madame Bertinet; Mr. Charles Goodhart for his debonair rendering of the susceptible Fouragot; and Miss Beatrice Ferrar for her delightfully fresh representation of the blithe, tomboy schoolgirl, Paulette Fouragot, one of the merriest, comeliest, and most vivacious damsels on the stage.

MR. CECIL RALEIGH'S

new Drury Lane drama, fully described in the recent *Sketch* article concerning Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collins, has been entitled *pro tem*. "The Great Millionaire." I say *pro tem*, because I shall not be surprised to see this name changed.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY

tells me that he has decided to produce the new "Eugene Aram" play, written for him by those two ecclesiastical playwrights, the Rev. Freeman Wills and the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on Oct. 7.

I learn that a real live Boer play is about to be shed upon us in London! Nay, more, that it is

THE WORK OF MR. PAUL POTTER,

who adapted the late George Du Maurier's "Trilby" for the stage, and who also had—shall I say?—the audacity to write that unwholesome play, "The Conquerors."

Several important theatrical events are booked for next Monday, Sept. 2. These include

MR. H. V. ESMOND'S COMEDY, "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE," to be produced, for the first time in England, by Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin at the Comedy; and Mr. Charles Frohman's first English

trial-trip of Mr. W. Gillette's "Sherlock Holmes" play, which is to have its first London production at the Lyceum on the following Monday.

THE NORTH "SILVER SLIPPER" TOURING COMPANY

is by far the strongest sent out by Mr. Tom B. Davis, the Manager of the Lyric Theatre. The tour started from Plymouth, and will not conclude till May.



MISS FANNY BROUGH,
WHO TAKES THE PART OF LEONIDE BERTINET IN
"THE GIDDY GOAT," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

question indicate but a small modicum of Miss Raymonde's ability as an entertainer. One of these days this talented young lady will, it is safe to predict, be found gaining considerable renown in the profession she has adopted.

"THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN"

is being rehearsed for production at the Century Theatre (built on the site of the Adelphi) early in September. Among the chief players will be



MR. JAMES WELCH, WHO ENACTS THE PART OF FERDINAND LE BRUN
IN "THE GIDDY GOAT," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photo by Langflet, Old Bond Street, W.

Miss Madge Lessing, Miss Elsie Fay, Miss Mabel Love, and Messrs. John Le Hay, Edwin Nye, Bruno, and Henry E. Dixey, who made such a "hit" as Adonis and in the song of "English, you know—quite English, you know," a few years ago at the Gaiety.

THE GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL
is already an assured success. The booking is large.

Miss Macdonald makes a most attractive Wrenne, Miss Lydia Flopp appears as Stella, and Miss Adelaide Astor (her sister) plays the part of Brenda, while Miss Irene Verona is irresistible in Miss Connie Ediss's character. Mr. Hale is a humorous Twanks, and the part of Berkeley Shallamar is quite safe in the hands of Mr. Hal Ford, while Mr. Sydney Mannering's charming voice was never heard to better effect.

MISS SUSIE RAYMONDE,

several of whose impersonations will be found depicted on another page, is a very clever young singer, musician, and dancer, to whom no kind of vocal and saltatorial work comes amiss. The characters set forth upon the page in

THE COMMITTEE OF THE LEEDS FESTIVAL

have issued a circular letter defending themselves against the charge of having neglected the works of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The Committee refer to the fact of "The Golden Legend" having been performed three times at the Leeds Festival. That is so, but please to remember, gentlemen, that "The Golden Legend" is not the only work of our great English composer.

THE ENGAGEMENT OF HERR EMIL SAUER,

the celebrated pianist, as Principal Teacher at the Vienna Conservatoire, at a salary of £600 per annum, has excited the jealousy of the other Professors, many of them receiving only about £60 per annum. It does not always follow that the greatest players are the best teachers.

DR. CUMMINGS,

Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, reached his seventieth year on the 22nd inst. "Many Happy Returns of the Day!" to this clever and kind-hearted Professor, to whom the musical world and hosts of students are immeasurably indebted.

MR. ROBERT NEWMAN

engaged an admirable group of soloists for his first Promenade Concert last Saturday at the Queen's Hall—Madame Sherwin, Miss Goldsack, and Mr. Gregory Hast as vocalists, and Madame von Stosch as violinist.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's

"HIAWATHA"

will shortly appear with a libretto in German, many Teutonic musicians being attracted by the work. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's sole training was at the Royal College of Music.

Those extensive and ever-enterprising entertainment-providers,

MESSRS. MOSS AND STOLIA LIMITED,

have just introduced quite a new sensation into their already lavish programme at the London Hippodrome—a programme which continues to be given twice daily. The new sensation in

question is one prepared by the Hippodrome's clever stage-manager and "producer," Mr. Frank Parker, and it consists of a series of equestrian effects, now spirit-like, next sculpturesque, represented by Madame Theresa Renz. One of this clever lady's picturesque poses shows her suffering (as it were) from a heavy shower of silver snow. But, lor' bless yer heart! (as dear old Sam Peggotty would say), she doan't seem to mind it, she doan't. She doan't seem to mind it.

At the Alhambra Mr. Dundas Slater continues to give a splendid programme. Among his latest important "turns" is that provided by five well-known theatrical and concert-room favourites who have dubbed themselves

"THE SWASHBUCKLERS."

Their acting and singing are of an admirable order and well deserving of the applause nightly bestowed thereupon. Another strong favourite here is the melodious belle Américaine, Miss Lil Hawthorne, whose popularity is very extensive on both sides of the Atlantic. The splendid ballet, "Inspiration," devised by Mr. Malcolm Watson, the critic and playwright, continues in the programme, and nightly increases in favour. So does the new sensational cycling "turn."

Speaking of the Alhambra, one rejoices to learn that a former favourite dancer there, Mdlle. Casaboni to wit, who had to give up dancing some time ago by reason of illness, has just come out, under the auspices and guidance of Mr. Marcus Mayer, in America, as a singer of rich and rare voice.

The Empire, from which that able acting-manager, Mr. H. Godfrey Turner, has just seceded, still preserves a magnificent programme, in which that indescribably lovely ballet, "Les Papillons," still forms the major attraction. Amongst the newest entertainers here are those

WONDERFUL WALTZING CYCLISTS,

Paulton and Doley, and those really great operatic duettists, the De Pasqualis. Other fine singing is contributed by Mr. Hamilton Hill (just over from Australia), and among the Empire's quaint comedians are Reichen's Dogs and Mr. Will H. Fox, otherwise "Paddiwhiski."



MR. YORKE STEPHENS, THE NEW MANAGER OF
TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

On the Lubrication of Cycle Bearings—Light Machines and their Disadvantages—Brittany as an Ideal Touring Ground—A Charming Tour—Drinks for Cyclists—Tea à la Russe.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Aug. 28, 7.54; Thursday, 7.52; Friday, 7.50; Saturday, 7.48; Sunday, Sept. 1, 7.46; Monday, 7.44; Tuesday, 7.41.

Many cyclists run away with the idea that the bearings of their machines require lubricating every time they are brought out. This is a great mistake, for now that all bearing surfaces are separated by rows of steel balls, upon which the surfaces revolve, the necessity for ample lubrication is not so great as when plain or roller bearings were in use. As a matter of fact, ball-bearings, providing they are of the first quality, cannot squeak even if they are run without oil at all, and the only use of oil is to prevent the bearing becoming hot. Very little oil is needed to thoroughly lubricate a ball-bearing; to flood or flush it time after time is a grave mistake, for a certain amount of fine dirt is carried inside, which is ultimately converted into a greasy mud, choking the bearing and thus preventing the balls from revolving on their axes.

In first-class machines the bearings require lubrication only every hundred miles, and the amount of oil injected in each oil-cup should not be more than would fill a small teaspoon. If the machine is used constantly, wet or fine, it is wise once a month to clean the bearings by flushing them with kerosene and spinning the wheels until every trace of dirt is extracted. The bearing will be quite clean when it is observed that the kerosene running from the flooded parts is white and clean. It must be remembered that kerosene vaporises under heat, and after each cleaning process lubricating oil, in the quantities I have stated, should be injected in each cup. If the machine has no gear-case, oil should not be used on the chain, as it has a nasty habit of collecting fine dust. The best lubricant for naked chains is graphite, which can now be obtained in a handy form at most cycle-dealers.

It is suggested that next year there will be a craze for light machines. I hope this will not be so, as I consider it would be a retrograde movement in cycle construction. Every attempt in the past to produce a very light machine has been at the expense of rigidity in the framework. Without great lateral rigidity in a bicycle, the work becomes much harder and speed is curtailed. This was especially noticeable in the light American bicycles which four or five years ago were so much in vogue in this country. The American bicycle was a very light article, but its absence of rigidity rendered it considerably inferior in speed and durability to the slightly heavier English machine. The lady of average height and weight would not be benefited by having a bicycle less than twenty-eight or twenty-nine pounds in weight, and the average gentleman's machine is about right if it weighs from thirty to thirty-three pounds. Of course, for those who race or wish to travel at breakneck speed on the road, lighter machines are made, but these are in all cases made lighter by denuding them of mud-guards, brakes, and other equipments which are part and parcel of the light roadster bicycle, and not by sacrificing the strength of the framework.

At this time of the year large numbers of cyclists are spending their summer vacation awheel. The majority, of course, stick patriotically to their native land, but then there are many thousands who delight in exploring the interesting parts of the near Continent. With those who have only a limited time at their disposal, Normandy, Belgium, Holland, and the Rhine-side offer many facilities, but I am going to speak of a two weeks' tour which I undertook a year or so back in a country which

is not quite so well known as those enumerated. I refer to Brittany, which is a most charming cycling country, possesses a picturesque and hospitable people, and is very accessible by the Southampton-St. Malo route. The roads throughout are capital, and the inns and hotels are clean, comfortable, and of moderate tariff. For the benefit of those who have not visited Brittany awheel, I will sketch out my tour.

The first day was spent in getting to St. Malo and visiting Mont St. Michel. Second day, Dinan, 16 miles; third, Guingamp, *via* Lamballe, 52 miles; fourth, Morlaix, *via* Le Ponthou, 33 miles; fifth, Brest, *via* Landerneau, 31 miles; sixth, Quimper, *via* Doulais and Le Faou, 43 miles; seventh, Hennebon, *via* Quimperle, 41 miles; eighth, Vannes, *via* Auray, 27 miles; ninth, Pont Château, *via* La Roche Bernard, 36 miles; tenth, Nantes, *via* Savenay, 29 miles; eleventh, Angers, *via* Varades, 50 miles; twelfth, Châteaubriant, *via* Candé, 43 miles; thirteenth, Rennes, *via* Janze, 38 miles; fourteenth, St. Malo, *via* Combours, 41 miles; fifteenth, home.

What to drink when cycling has always been a vexed question, and very few seem to be agreed upon the point. Alcoholic liquors of any sort should be absolutely taboo, and yet the wishy-washy lemonade, ginger-beer, and similar teetotal beverages seem to aggravate rather than assuage that intolerable thirst which we cyclists acquire on a hot and dusty day. The late Major Knox Holmes, who was an enthusiastic cyclist at eighty years of age, declared that he never cycled on anything better than his invented concoction of soda-water with a small glass of cognac and a small glass of sherry thereinto mixed. Many cyclists believe in soda and limejuice cordial or soda-and-milk, but both these drinks are questionable thirst-quenchers and possess no stimulating powers. Tea is the best drink, but one cannot drink sufficient of it, as made in the English style, without it having baneful effects upon the nervous system. I am prone to think I know of the best cyclists' drink extant. This is *tea à la Russe*.

The Russians are the greatest tea-drinkers in the world; they consume enormous quantities of the refreshing brew, but they do not suffer from any effects, simply because they concoct the beverage differently from the English idea. With the Russian, it is not a cup of tea, but a glass of tea. A sprinkling of leaf is put into the pot, boiling water is poured on and allowed to stand not more than thirty seconds. A small quantity of the brew, about two table-

spoonfuls, is poured into a glass, which is then filled with boiling water. A slice of lemon and sugar are added, and here we have one of the most refreshing and piquant drinks imaginable. The colour of the tea, as drunk, is a pale amber, and, of course, no milk is used. I confidently recommend this drink to the thirsty cyclist.

R. L. J.

GARIN'S GREAT CYCLE-RIDE.

I had a long chat with Garin when he came in winner of the Paris-Brest Race on Sunday week (writes the Correspondent of *The Sketch* in Gay Luteia). The aforetime chimney-sweep was in the pink of condition directly he had had his bath and massage, and he attributed his perfect condition to the swallowing of the yolks of unlimited eggs. He told me that he did not touch a drop of alcohol, not even the traditional warm Pommery. He is not a teetotaler, by the way, but in his opinion the use of spirits is fatal if taken in a race of endurance. He even objects to their use for frictioning either the head or limbs. By the way, he did not lose an ounce in weight.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



GARIN, THE WINNER OF THE GREAT RACE FROM PARIS TO BREST AND BACK.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Northern Circuit.

York continues the run of Northern meetings this week, and there will be a big gathering on the Knavesmire. The gentry in the North of England attend race-meetings, but they do not support the Turf as owners. Lord Londonderry seemingly has tired of owning racehorses. The Marquis of Zetland's colours are never seen on the course. Mr. James Lowther owns a few horses only, and Lord Lonsdale has a very small stud in training. On the other hand, the Earl of Durham clings to the Turf, and it is a pleasure to see his Lordship's colours to



Carbineer (favourite), 3.

Pirate King, 2. Shoddy, 1.

VICTORIA RACING CLUB: LAST JUMP OF HURDLE-RACE, WON IN RECORD TIME, 5 MIN. 52½ SEC.

the fore in the North. Mr. Vyner continues to fight his luck, which is hardly good enough to give him a St. Leger by the aid of Syneros. The horses trained in the North of England at the present time are not far removed from the punter class, and the majority of the big weight-for-age races and handicaps decided on the Northern Circuit come South. Yet the majority of the North Country trainers are capable men. W. P. Anson, John Osborne, R. W. Armstrong, Binnel, McCall, Peacock, Lund, Matthews, and Sanderson are well versed in the art of training horses, and it is a pity they are not given better cattle to work with.

Futures.

I hear that Free Companion is real good business for the Great Ebor Handicap, but on the book Semper Vigilans has a big chance. This filly has met with nothing but bad luck in her races up to now, and I happen to know that Corrigan thought her a certainty for the Ascot Stakes. Brissac is very likely to get a place if the boy can get him out. Betting over the St. Leger has been a dead-letter, and I am afraid the race will freeze right up as a speculative medium. True, the field is likely to be a large one, as owners are anxious to run a public trial with their so-called classic horses, no doubt with a view to future events. I think the race a real good thing for Volodyovski, and for places I like Energetic and Revenue. It will be remembered I mentioned Energetic in connection with the Two Thousand Guineas, but, much to my surprise, the colt did not start, although he was in the Birdcage. He showed his true form at Goodwood, and I think the future will prove him to be a moderately good performer over a distance.

The Autumn Handicaps.

I do not envy the three gentlemen who will between them frame the handicaps for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. If I were called upon to apportion the weights for the long race, I should assume every horse entered to be able to stay the distance, and here I would point to the fact of five-furlong horses often winning two-mile hurdle-races at the first time of asking. Epsom Lad, King's Courier, Clarehaven, Laffan, and O'Donovan Rossa have all been backed in the Continental lists, but it will be time enough to discuss the chances of the animals engaged after the weights have been made public. I earnestly hope the handicappers will treat each horse on his best and not on his worst form; then we shall see some of the "readied" ones finish in the ruck, and not, as expected now, in the first flight.

As usual, the Cambridgeshire should prove the speculative medium of the whole year, although in this particular race I always advise those without special and exclusive knowledge to wait until the day and then back the favourite each way. The Raft, Merry Methodist, Little Eva, and Gost are what are known as the sharps' tips, but I guess the handicappers will look after that little lot. Huggins is very likely to lead back the winner of this year's Cambridgeshire.

A Grand National.

A friend in Melbourne sends me particulars of the Grand National Steeplechase recently decided at Melbourne under the auspices of the Victoria Racing Club. The distance of the race was three miles and a furlong, and it may be noted here that the sweepstake was 20 sovs. each, with £1500 added; the second horse received £300, and the third £150. There were nineteen starters. Mr. P. Murphy's Laceby was favourite at 5 to 1, but he came to grief at the stone wall, and the majority of the horses came to grief either at the wall or at the logs, as only nine finished. The race was easily won by a 14-to-1 chance in Mr. S. Lazarus's chestnut gelding Freedom, by Postmaster—Kathleen, aged, 9 st. 11 lb., the winner being ridden by D. Mahony. Mr. A. Maple's Bethnal, 6 years, 12 st. 10 lb. (P. Regan), was second, and Mr. A. Miller's The African, aged, 11 st. 7 lb. (M. Mooney), third. The winner's time was 6 min. 32 sec.—a record. I fancy the three leading jockeys are Irishmen, judging from their names. The Grand Hurdle-Race, also of the value of £1500, was won by Shoddy, who started at the rare price of 25 to 1 against. The Victoria Racing Association, whose able secretary is Mr. H. Byron Moore, manage racing well in Melbourne, and the sport under both sets of rules is, I am glad to learn, flourishing. The Messrs. Topham, of Aintree, if they get their *Sketch* this week, will, I hope, notice that in Australia the fences are numbered, so that the public can locate them by plan. Liverpool, please copy!

In-and-Out Form.

I have never seen horses show such peculiar running as they have during the past few weeks, and it may be that the different courses are responsible. Some horses, by-the-bye, like right-hand courses, and others act best on left-hand courses. The right-hand courses are Ascot, Goodwood, Derby, Gatwick, Hurst Park, Kempton Park, Manchester, and Sandown Park. The following are left-hand courses—Epsom, Doncaster, York, Gosforth Park, Lincoln, Stockton, Brighton, Chester, and Lingfield. It is, by-the-bye, a remarkable fact that horses trained in the North do badly in the South of England. Rogues run well on courses like Epsom and Brighton, and heavy weights are carried successfully on the sprint courses at Goodwood, Ascot, Liverpool, Epsom, and Brighton. At each place the start takes place on the top of a hill. Book form, as a rule, works out at Kempton Park, Manchester, Liverpool, Doncaster, and Gosforth Park, but insiders often get home at Lingfield, Hurst Park, Gatwick, and Sandown Park. The finishes on the round course and the five-furlong track at Sandown are very severe, and often horses looking stone certainties at the distance are beaten out of a place at the finish. Chester and Alexandra Park are difficult tracks for inexperienced jockeys to ride on.

Gentlemen Trainers.

It must be admitted that the gentlemen trainers hold their own fairly well at the Sport of Kings. Mr. G. S. Davies, who succeeded Halsey at Michel Grove, in Sussex, has had a good season with his horses. His near neighbour, Mr. Gore, does remarkably well under both sets of rules. Sir Charles Nugent turns out some winners winter and summer, and Major Edwardes has a capital average of winners. The Hon. George Lambton does well for his aristocratic patrons, and he has a happy knack of placing his horses to the best advantage. Captain Bewick is one of the most level-headed men on the Turf, and when he plunks the money down he generally picks it up again. These gentlemen do better than many so-called fashionable trainers.

CAPTAIN COE.



Freedom (winner).

VICTORIA RACING CLUB: GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE (3 MILES 1 FURLONG); STONE WALL, LAST TIME. WON BY FREEDOM IN RECORD TIME, 6 MIN. 32 SEC.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE act of returning to town in the middle of August, though not one unknown to many people, cannot be exactly accounted an ecstatic experience. With blinds down, streets up, no shop-windows to speak of, and no friends to talk to, the occasion of being bodily present "in the only village" just at this particular moment has



[Copyright.]

A GOWN OF WHITE AND RED FOR TROUVILLE.

few compensating clauses. The theatres are not even available, most of our lessees and managers being occupied in visiting Royalty, according to duly advertised paragraphs in the daily papers, so that there is little excuse or temptation for lingering in town in the dreary, sun-scorched days of August.

All the seaside places at home and abroad are full to surfeit, and, although we are told by the best-informed papers that nobody of any consequence goes to Switzerland nowadays in autumn, the managers of its happy valley and mountain hostélries are, nevertheless, making money with enviable rapidity, and every hotel is crammed with its usual complement of English, Americans, and cosmopolites. Not that Switzerland is not vulgarised, for it is, and the old days have departed when every peak was a sacred shrine accessible to none but the adventurous mountaineer who would run the gauntlet of avalanches and falling rocks and love strenuous exertion on snowy slopes for its own sake. Railways and mountain tramways have continued the works and pomps of the cheap ticket. The Jungfrau and its kindred high-peaked royalties remain no more severely aloof from the adventurous multitude. Too many, alack! are accessible by Twopenny Tube, or its Swiss equivalent, and the secluded villages, with their quaint communities of unsophisticated peasants, where the sound of the Alp-horn was still heard at Vespers from some remote pasturage, are nowadays overrun by the loud-voiced, truculent tourist, whose ways of seeing the world are not their ways, nor

his people like unto their people. It is the victory of the prosaic and the practical over the poetical and the picturesque, and it does not confine itself to Switzerland. The fact of Mont Blanc's being treated as "a greased pole," according to Ruskin, does not imply that the love of scrambling upwards is confined to the great army of vulgarisers that pervade the Alps.

At home and abroad it is the case of the battle to the strong, the levelling of all barriers before the democratic march of money, which renders all things equal, and enables the possessor thereof in these modern and utilitarian days to present himself as a power pre-eminent. After all, from the other point of view, it may be contended what is the use of beauty if people are to be prevented from seeing it, and why should not the vulgar have a chance of learning to appreciate the beautiful? The love of the romantic becomes archaic, not to say absurd, if it is to set itself up against innovation, and so our prejudices may go by the board, for, whether they will or not, we cannot stem what we please to call the march of progress. In mentioning Ruskin, I am tempted to digress again by remarking that he no less than the great recent influx of money has worked one wonderful change that we see in this present age. Since South Africa, combined with other causes, sent money into our midst, we have been enabled to spend freely, and how to spend the Apostle Ruskin has taught us. The taste for art that he first set up largely in our Philistine midst has extended everywhere and in all directions. The very streets of this ugly old town have burst forth into red brick of eccentric fashioning instead of the arid stucco of the unimaginative Georgians and early Victorians. Our houses simply



[Copyright.]

A CONTINENTAL CASINO TOILETTE.

bristle with attempts at the picturesque, and every tradesman, whether retailing chairs or book-markers, will prefix that hard-worked syllable "Art" to every manner of his commodities.

The prime mover in this revolution never thought that it would go

so far, for no one more hated shams and shoddy than he of "the Seven Lamps." Superficiality and the cheap veneer of the æsthetic were ever tilted at by his fearless lance; but, for all that, green moreen curtains and horsehair sofas—which Mr. George Moore, by the way, professes to admire as "honest ugliness"—were primarily displaced by the



[Copyright.]

TRAVELLING-CLOAK OF FAWN CLOTH AND TARTAN.

paper fan and the dusty bulrushes at the instance of the great romanticist, who, while preaching of a Golden Age and condemning all art that was not honest and sincere, yet inevitably introduced camp-followers in the rear of his reforming army who, while prating a shibboleth of beauty, could produce only shoddy. Nevertheless, in the inevitable weeding-out which succeeds the initiation of this great upheaval, we are arriving—by slow degrees, perhaps—at a fresher perception of the art which was a common creed to the Ancients as well as to our ancestors of the Middle Ages. We escape from the ugly and meretricious in the surroundings of our own home, in the more immediate and personal objects of daily use. Dress, for instance, is at the present moment more carefully considered and more free from the reproach of unsuitability and want of grace than it has been since the reign of the fifteenth Louis. It strikes an original note, moreover, that does not appear to any extent even in our furniture and household accoutrements, which, though undoubtedly beautiful, are for the most part but ingenious reproductions of many former periods.

The art of the goldsmith has been sunk in barbarism for ages, and only quite lately has an Apostle risen in France to stamp the mark of his own individuality on the precious metals. In this connection, I may add that it has always seemed to me that, if the painter of a mediocre picture, the writer of a season's book, or the composer of a popular ballad enhances the value of his composition by his signature, there is a certain contradiction in the fact that the man who puts together a diamond tiara worth, perhaps, £10,000, or a masterpiece of gold-plate costing as many hundreds, should not at least have the privilege of signing his name to his handiwork. The curious lack of imagination which assigns the composition of such important works to mere mechanics, however skilful, who turn them out in unimaginative dozens as required, is one of the most astonishing paradoxes of this otherwise

progressive age. A few artists in metals have, indeed, arisen within the last few years to specialise with taste and culture; but their success is only moderate, though their works are beautiful, and before the arising of the Prophet of "Nouveau Art" the trail of the tradesman hall-marked every article of personal or domestic adornment as obviously and as monotonously as did Stationers' Hall. One hopes that a new era is arising in the once glorious craft of Benvenuto Cellini; but, while the South African millionaire merely wants his wife's tiara to look bigger than anybody else's, this millennium must be retarded. Until he who can pay both wants and asks for artistic jewellery and plate, it will not be forthcoming; and until we, as a generation, are educated to understand our shortcomings in this respect, we shall go—and deserve to go—unbeautifully.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ASTER.—I am sorry I cannot share your raptures about black kid gloves, which, no doubt, serve their purpose acceptably, but beyond it have no special interest as items of one's *ensemble*. The early Victorian verses you quote seem poor stuff. Pray excuse my frankness.

LITTLE LION (St. Leonards).—Yes, Madame Gilbert's Emaciolettes will reduce you effectually and harmlessly.

SYBIL.

THE NEW BISHOP OF DURHAM.

THE latest high ecclesiastical appointments have afforded much satisfaction. Whilst Oxford had good reason to rejoice in the choice of Dr. Winnington Ingram, the self-sacrificing Christian labourer in Bethnal Green, for the See of London, Cambridge University has equal reason to be glad of the appointment of the Rev. Handley Carr Glyn Moule to the Bishopric of Durham, for he was Norrisian Professor of Divinity and Fellow of St. Catherine's College. Principal of Ridley Hall for nine years, Dr. Moule is distinguished as an author, and is eminently worthy to be the successor of the late Dr. Westcott.

A boon for admirers of Charles Dickens! A complete pocket edition of Dickens's works will shortly be issued jointly by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the owners of the copyrights, and Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press. It will be printed on the Oxford India paper, and will include all the additional stories and sketches which appear in the Gadshill and authentic editions. Upwards of six hundred illustrations will appear, being reproductions from the original drawings by Seymour, "Phiz," Cruikshank, Landseer, Leech, &c.



THE RIGHT REV. HANDLEY CARR GLYN MOULE, D.D.,
BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Photo by Lydell Sawyer, Regent Street W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 10.

IN THE CITY.

THE world of finance softly slumbers. Financial journalists on well-known dailies declare to us that the lack of "subjects" is simply appalling. The Stock Exchange has barely enough business to keep its body and soul alive, but the heated atmosphere of the House quells any longing for excited markets. Sartorial traditions in the way of headgear are being rudely spurned by the newer generation, to whom straw-hats and comfort appeal more strongly than silk ones and convention. Our artist visibly bemoans the decadence in fashion.

Transvaal Fives are strong upon the Governmental taking-over of the Bonds, and certainly a 5 per cent. British security has not been seen for a good many years. Doubtless, the Loan will soon be paid off. In the Mining Markets, the resignation of Whitaker Wright from the Board of the Le Roi Company is only what might have been expected, all things considered. The Trunk Market is a peculiar feature of strength, and a report is afloat to the effect that their old Manager is returning to his former post, having tired of the Southern Pacific. Be that as it may, the Trunk Market is certainly one of the best in the Stock Exchange. But the strongest of all is the holiday market.

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

Not much further progress was made in the advance of Consols after 95 had been touched and let go. The Money Market is easy; cash can be readily obtained at rates barely remunerative to the lender; there are no rumours as to fresh issues of Consols, and yet the prices in the Gilt-edged Market are still dull, although a little better than they were two or three weeks since. So far from any important new emissions being made, the best authorities in Capel Court point to the fiasco that attended the recent India Loan as sufficient guarantee that we are likely to have nothing more this autumn of similar nature. What, then, is the reason for the peculiar flatness of Consols?—for at 94½ the Funds must be certainly regarded as being very dull.

Market talk has it that the last issue of thirty millions Consols is not digested even yet. Whenever a slight advance is registered in Goschens, down comes a new block of latest Consols on the market, and puts the quotation to the price of issue, dragging the parent loan with it. Moreover, the little flutter of business that came to the Stock Exchange some ten days since induced a number of House speculators to go bulls of Kaffirs and other similar properties, against which they sold, as usual, Consols as a hedge to their commitments elsewhere. In time, this bear account must be of immense assistance in support of the market, but at present the public are not buying Consols, and so the bears have matters largely their own way.

A correspondent writes from Assiout asking our opinion as to Local Loans and Consols. The former, we should say, are an excellent investment and can quite fairly be held for a 5 per cent. rise. As to Consols, the price may advance when the War is over. It most likely will, but, bearing in mind the reduction of the dividend, we would suggest India Three per Cents as a more advantageous purchase. For a better return, Natal Three per Cents are a good investment, or Brighton new Second Preference at 150, but we should advise our Egyptian correspondent to hold his Local Loans and to buy India Threes.

THE INDUSTRIAL MARKET.

The Allsopp and the English Sewing Cotton reports would have been enough to deal a heavy blow at the Miscellaneous Market of the Stock Exchange had enough market existed for any calamity to affect. But business in Commercial stock and shares has been reduced to an almost invisible quantity. The wonder is that jobbers take the trouble to come up to town at all considering the amount of business that many of them do every day. Of course, all the Combine Companies are in the utmost disfavour, and the rise which has come about in Calico Printers is due solely to covering by bears upon the intelligence transpiring that the split in the Directors' camp was healed. A worse report than that of the English Sewing Cotton Company it would be hard to imagine, and we fear that it is no longer possible to regard the shares in any other light than that of an undesirable speculation. The fall may possibly be succeeded by reaction, but the bitterly disappointing character of the report it is impossible to gloss over in any way. And, of course, the Allsopp statement is much worse.

South African Cold Storage are a good market in the midst of dull, but the price of the shares is high enough to keep away many investors. With the coming opening-up of South Africa, however, the Company should have a splendid future before it, so long as the Board keeps abreast with the needs of the times. The shares are largely at the mercy of a speculating group, and that is a pity. Another speculative counter in this department is Super-Aëration, the shares of which we should not be anxious to touch at any price.

In the list of Catering Companies, Lyons' shares are likely to steadily improve. The Throgmorton Restaurant is simply coining money for the shareholders, and we are informed that all the offices over the Restaurant are now let. The rentals demanded would turn the hair white of anybody but a member of the Stock Exchange. Aërated Breads are very quiet, and Slaters, after their little spurt in connection with the Gatti and Stevenson Company, are almost neglected. In the neighbourhood of 3, Slaters may generally be bought with safety. But the Industrial Market does not tempt purchasers, from its very deadness and entire want of "snap."

THE MINING MARKETS.

It is a very long time since Charters Towers has provided any speculative food to the Stock Exchange, but there is springing up a revival of interest in some of the better-known varieties, the activity in Day Dawn P. C. shares, on Melbourne orders, helping to stimulate business. We are afraid the newly aroused excitement won't last long, but the fall can never amount to much money in this department, because the prices of Charters Towers Mines are nearly all in the early shillings. The Broken Hill division fails to recover the nasty knock it received by reason of the Proprietary Company's dividend having been passed, but the Mount Lyell section is showing some signs of animation after a long period of quietude.

In the Kaffir Circus the carry-over was arranged with perfect smoothness, but rates do not seem to grow much lower. We fail to see the necessity for paying heavy contangoes when money outside the Stock Exchange is so easily accessible and inexpensive. The market leaders are blind to their true interests in maintaining this onerous burden, for which there is neither necessity nor excuse. Kaffirs would not be inevitably flat before contango-day if operators were certain of being able to carry over at reasonable rates, say at 5 or 6 per cent. nett.

Business in South Africans and in West Africans is confined to a few professionals. Until the leaders of the Jungle return from the moors, West Africans will be the sport of any bear who likes to give them a kick, but fresh activity in this department seems likely to ensue in the late autumn. The coming Kaffir boom, needless to say, waits upon the waning of the war.

FINANCE BY THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

The Jobber lay stretched at full-length on a seat beneath the chestnuts which shade the pleasant Schweizerhof Quay. His straw-hat was suddenly sent spinning near to the waters of the placid Lake, and a Baedeker playfully smote him on the central feature of his face.

"I say, Brokie, don't be such an ass!" he exclaimed, with the irritated air of a man rudely awakened out of an after-luncheon snooze.

"Well, get up, you lazy beggar," responded The Broker, "and look at Pilatus now! His face is shining like yours does when you make an unexpected 'turn.'"

The Jobber turned his eyes towards the direction indicated, and pretended that he could see the tiny railway crawling up the mountain's side. "By Jove!" he burst out, "what *would* British Railway stockholders say if they could make our lines pay like these little things do?"

"That's just like you," returned The Broker. "You can't talk for a single minute before you get 'shoppy.' Personally, I don't care a hang for all the British Railways in the kingdom. The rack-and-pinion is all I mind about when I'm at Lucerne."

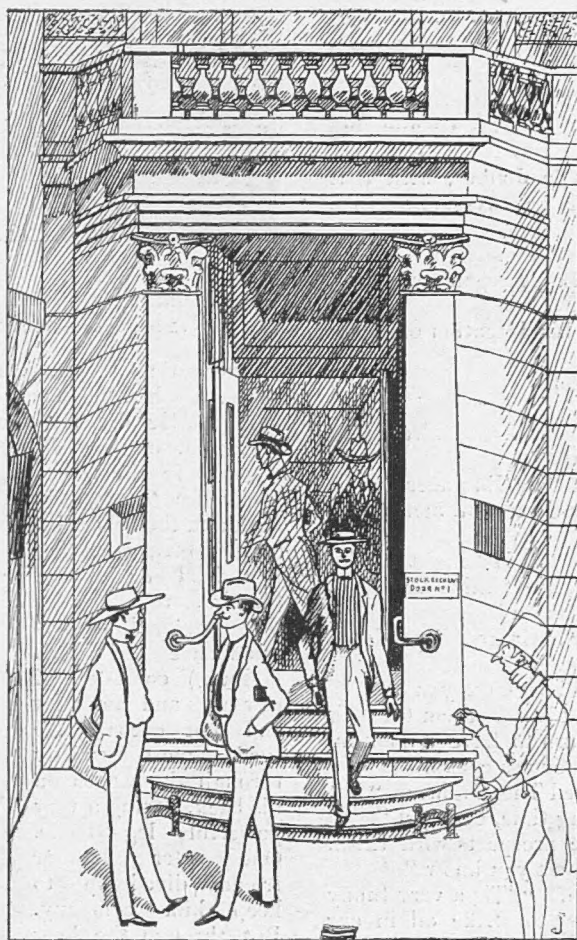
"Wonder if Home Rails are still as flat as ever?" ruminated The Jobber, with a wicked wink at an obvious American who had joined the pair.

"Pretty nearly," said the other, innocently dropping into the trap. "I was reading one of the financial papers this morning——"

"Shop! shop!" cried the delighted Jobber.

"——and they don't seem to be able to pull Home Rails together for long at a time. I ignore your foolish jokelets," he added, adopting his best railway-carriage air of dignity towards The Jobber.

"Your lines will never do much good now," said the American, with



SHADE OF MID-CENTURY BROKER: Surely this cannot be the Stock Exchange! Look at the hats!

a slight nasal intonation, "until the managers have learnt some of our methods."

"Our Midland Company has already sent representatives to the United States to see what they can pick up in the way of fresh ideas," remarked The Broker.

"And our North-Western has begun to flirt with electric traction," put in The Jobber, unwilling to be left behind in the discussion. "Just look at those trams!" and as he spoke one of the little light Kriens cars glided by, ringing a bell that sounded more than musical after the discordance that the lookers-on had been accustomed to hear in the West of London.

"Yes," said The Broker, with the air of clinching the question, "I cannot see that it's right to buy our English Railway stocks at present."

"Or ours?" asked The American smilingly.

"As to that, I leave the question to be decided by higher authorities than myself," replied The Broker with a bow. "What do you think?"

The American smiled still, pleaded that he was no authority, but he guessed that Yankees, "as you call them," were high enough, "mostly."

"What makes you think that?" began one of the British.

"Traffic results," was the laconic response.

"You think they will fall off, eh?"

"It's more than probable; but I'm merely giving you my own views, mind you. Only, I have met many of my countrymen who ought to know what they're talking about, and they tell me that the bumper prosperity of our railroad concerns must be largely affected by the shortage in the crops in such States as Kansas, for instance."

"Then you wouldn't buy Yankees at present?"

"I'm with you there," The American agreed. "Wait a while, and see if you don't get in on a lower shelf."

"You talk very like a Britisher," observed The Jobber, with that fine forgetfulness of conventionality begotten of holiday-making in a strange land.

"I was educated at Eton," and again The American smiled.

"Why, so was I!" ejaculated The Broker, and they began comparing notes forthwith.

The Jobber stretched himself, and announced his intention of going for a row on the Vierwaldstättersee.

"What's that?" asked the unimpressed Broker.

"The Lake of Lucerne, of course, you—"

"Don't get cross," returned the other soothingly. "You're not in the Kaffir Market now, so do try to behave decently."

It was all in the ordinary course of things that The Engineer should stroll by just at that moment. Lucerne is a candle-flame, and mortals are merely moths.

"Hullo!" he greeted them. "Thought I saw you last night in the Kursaal, but I wasn't sure. I can guess what you are talking about, so pray don't mind me. Was it Kaffirs or the Bank Rate?"

The trio laughed. "I seemed to hear the word 'Kaffirs,'" pondered The Jobber aloud.

"You didn't leave any selling limits in them at home, did you?"

"Not exactly," was the sprightly answer. "I've seen 'em through the worst of the War, I hope, and now it's my turn to have a look-in, don't you think? I want to buy Knights when they are cheap."

"Certainly it ought to be your turn," assented The Engineer, "but you can't see dividends on them for a precious long time, even yet."

"Dividends don't signify so long as there are prospects with them. That's what we live on in the Stock Exchange, don't you know?"

"Of course, of course!" put in The American. "'Tis a very funny little round world, after all. And we must all try to strike oil in our own way."

"In London some of the oil has struck the shareholders, it strikes me," was The Broker's rueful comment. "I am a large holder of Russian Petroleum, and don't know when I may hope to see my money back on them."

"Shouldn't sell them now," The Engineer considered, thoughtfully regarding his new brown boots. "The depression is due to the drop in the price of petroleum, which almost demoralised the oil market for a while, and it is bound to right itself again in time."

"Phew! The very talking of oil makes this heat feel hotter," and up The Jobber rose. They watched him bargaining with the tall, taciturn keeper of the boats.

"Hanged if I do!" he protested, rejoining the others. "Wants me to pay five francs an hour or part of it. Come and let's get a cigar."

"Combien, Mademoiselle?" he inquired with all the French he could muster, picking up a shilling Bock.

"Quatre francs cinquante, M'sieu"; thus the young person behind the counter.

Looking hastily round to see that none of the others were watching, The Jobber swept up four others at a franc apiece, and then suggested a walk up the Rigi to stimulate an appetite for dinner.

Saturday, Aug. 24, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

THANKFUL.—Yes. Lancasters, Glencairn, Langlaagte Estate, of the lower-priced shares. We very much doubt whether Unions will reach your limit within a month. The Jungle shares you mention are a sheer gamble.

T. S.—We are much obliged for your courteous letter.

MAC.—Please see our second Note this week.

HOLBEIN'S SWIM.

ON Saturday last, the twenty-sixth anniversary of the late Captain Matthew Webb's successful swim from the English to the French coast, that courageous sportsman, famous cyclist, and plucky swimmer, Montague Holbein, plunged into the sea from Cape Grisnez and made a fresh attempt to cross the Channel.

Only those who, like Captain Boyton in his india-rubber suit, and

poor Matthew Webb "in the buff," plus a good coating of porpoise-oil, have succeeded in crossing the Channel know what a stupendously stiff task it is when your own arms and legs have alone to be relied on as propellers. The swim from Dover to Calais would be easy enough for a strong swimmer in good practice if the tides would allow him to swim straight across. But they won't. The Channel currents are so swift that they can only be crossed transversely with difficulty by a swimmer. Consequently he has to cover in his zigzag course more than double the actual distance between shore and shore if he succeeds. It took Boyton, for instance, about twenty-four hours to reach the Kentish coast from Cape Grisnez, and Webb about the same time to swim from Dover to Calais.



MR. M. A. HOLBEIN, THE GREAT CYCLIST AND SWIMMER.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

Holbein made such good progress that it was claimed for him that he would probably have succeeded had he made the attempt in the more favourable sea of Friday. He did not start, coated with porpoise-oil à la Webb, till 3.49 p.m. on Saturday from Cape Grisnez. He bravely set forth,

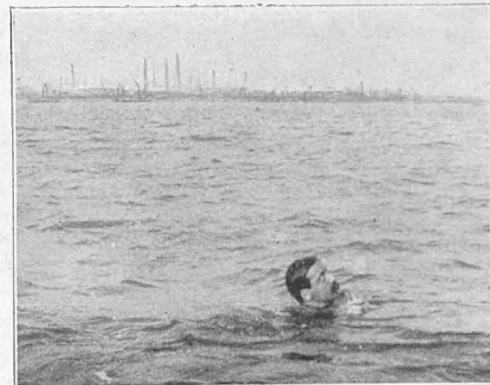
negotiating the rather heavy sea first on his back and then with his clean breast-stroke.

His food *en voyage* (administered under the personal superintendence of Mrs. Holbein) consisted of

raw eggs and hot milk and hot cocoa. He sped most swiftly through the waves on his back, having a very powerful leg-stroke.

One after another friends dived in to keep him company. But through the long night the prolonged swim told on Holbein dreadfully.

He deserves every credit, however, for swimming on till 4.35 a.m. on Sunday, having been in the sea twelve hours and forty-six minutes, and having covered twenty-six miles, notwithstanding the old injury to his hip. It was reckoned that he reached within five miles of the English coast.



HOLBEIN'S GREAT SWIM: DRINKING MILK OUT OF A BOTTLE.

THE "MERMAID."

The popular pleasure-steamer the *Mermaid*, belonging to the Thames Steamboat Company, Limited, last Friday made her regular trip to Herne Bay for the benefit of her Commander, Captain T. Smith. While the steamer lay moored alongside Gravesend, Terrace Pier, a public presentation of the Royal Humane Society's Medal was made to Albert Vernau, one of her crew, for saving life from drowning. The presentation was made by the Managing Director of the Thames Steamboat Company, Mr. Austin Doe, who recounted the circumstances under which Albert Vernau, who was an able-bodied seaman on the *Mermaid*, saw a little boy, aged six years, son of Mr. F. Tonge, a well-known inhabitant of Gravesend, struggling in the water, and at once plunged in at great risk to himself and rescued the little fellow, who must otherwise inevitably have been drowned.

Such men as Vernau bring credit to the Company as well as to the adjacent training-ship, where he was brought up. It was a particularly gratifying circumstance that this precious life should have been saved, as it enabled the Company to continue their boast that they had not lost a single life in this service. The brave fellow, however, had the misfortune to lose the medal in the sea whilst removing some luggage on board just before leaving Herne Bay for the return journey. Let us hope that the Society may see their way clear to replace the medal so deservedly won.